DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XV. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1886. NUMBER 36

Published every week.
$1.50 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office of New York, N. Y. as second class matter.

POETRY.

A SEPTEMBER VIOLET.

For days the peaks wore hoods of cloud,
The slopes were veiled in chilly rain;
We said: It is the Summer's shroud,
And with the brooks we moaned aloud—
Will sunshine never come again?

At last the west wind brought us one
Serene, warm, cloudless, crystal day,
As though September, having blown
A blast of tempest, now had thrown
A gauntlet to the favored May.

Backward to Spring our fancies flew,
And, careless of the course of Time,
The bloomy days began anew.
Then, as a happy dream comes true,
Or as a poet finds his rhyme—

Half wondered at, half unbelieved—
I found thee, friendliest of the flowers!
Then Summer's joys came back, green-leaved,
And its doomed dead, awhile reprieved,
First learned how truly they were ours.

Dear violet! Did the Autumn bring
The vernal dreams, till thou, like me,
Didst climb to thy imagining?
Or was it that the thoughtful Spring
Did come again, in search of thee?
—*Robert Underwood Johnson, in The Century.*

STORY TELLER.

WHO WAS HIS WIFE?

"Well, mother, what are you thinking about so earnestly?"

Mrs. Lathrop stood looking out into the lazy glow of the distance when her husband's voice called her back into the world of the real and the present.

"Thinking about, George! I was thinking of the old story books I used to read when I was a child, of the good fairies who granted a wish to mortals. I wish I could have one."

"And what would it be?"

"That our Robert would marry Kittie Bruce instead of the book-writing girl in the city."

"Perhaps he will."

"There is no hope of that, I am afraid."

Mr. Lathrop laughed good humoredly.

"Never mind, wife," he said, "love is like the wind—you can't tell how or when it comes, and you can't bind it with chains, whether of steel or gold. Leonora Wylie may make him a very good wife, for all we know."

Mrs. Lathrop shook her head despondingly.

"I have written to him and told him just how we feel about it," she said, "but Bob was always wilful and set in his way. Our only son, too, George; that's what makes me feel so bad."

And Mrs. Lathrop wiped away a big drop that dimmed the crystal lense of her spectacles.

"I had somehow set my heart on Kittie Bruce," she added. "I liked her so much when she came down to her uncle, visiting. She is just the bright, sparking sort of a girl Bob ought to have had for a wife. Oh, dear, why can't he see things as he should?"

"But will you go to the wedding?"

"No, I shall do nothing of the sort, I don't want to expose myself to be criticised by the stuck up Wylies. I am not obliged to marry Leonora because Robert Lathrop does."

"Every woman to her own taste," shrewdly laughed the old gentleman, "But you will at least write a congraulatory letter to the bride?"

"No, I shan't," said Mrs. Lathrop, emphatically, "I don't like her, and I can't be a hypocrite to say that I do. Bob knows my mind on the subject and that is quite enough."

"My dear," said Mr. Lathrop, "do you know that looks a good deal like predjudice?"

"Prejudice, indeed," said his wife, her pink cap ribbons bristling with indignation. "It's common sense—that's what it is—and so Bob will find to his cost one of these days.

It was several weeks after this memoriable conversation that Mr. Lathrop came back from the post office with a twinkle in his eyes and a curious smile upon his face.

"Deborah," said he, "get the best bed room ready for company, and let's us have out the nicest cheese for supper."

"Why, who's coming?"

"Bob's wife."

Mrs. Lathrop's countenance suddenly became long.

"Then he's married after all and never let us know?"

"Well, you can't blame the poor fellow, can you?" said her husband, "after all the cold water you flung over him and his ideas."

"I won't have her in the house," said Mrs. Lathrop, resolutely.

"Yes, you will, Debbie, when you hear who it is that's coming. It's Kitty."

Mrs. Lathrop's clouded brow cleared up as radiantly as a May morning.

"Then it's Kitty Bruce he has married after all. Dear me, why didn't he let us know? But it is just like one of Bob's roguish tricks."

"She'll be here on the evening train—she and a friend," said Mr. Lathrop. "Bob is unexpectedly detained by business that may take him down to Alabama before it is settled, and he thought his mother's house would be the best place for his bride during the absence.

"And he was right," cried Mrs. Lathrop. "Bob's wife! Why it seems only yesterday he was toddling about the door stone in a pink calico frock. Dear, dear, how time does fly!"

She was ready on the porch in her best black silk dress when the whistle of the coming train echoed through the mountains, while through the half-open doors gleamed an inviting perspective of shining damask, bright silver and sparkling glass, with a freshly baked sponge cake in the center of the table, and preserves and pickles enough to give half a dozen brides the dyspepsia.

"My darling daughter," she cried, enthusiastically throwing her arms around the waist of a pretty young lady in an elegant traveling dress, as she alighted from the carriage.

Kitty Bruce returned the kiss and embrace with a merry gayety that was very fascinating.

"Then I am to call you mother?"

"What else should you call me? Oh, I am so glad Bob has married you, after all, instead of——"

But the vivacious stranger interrupted her rather hurriedly.

"Allow me to introduce my friend Miss Leonora Wylie."

And Mrs. Lathrop found herself looking into the depths of a pair of wistful eyes that seemed to say; "Please be kind to me."

"She's dark and little and elflike," said Mrs. Lathrop to herself, "but she's nice looking enough, too, and has a very winning way with her."

For now that Mrs. Lathrop felt her son Bob to be safe from the toils of the siren, she was disposed to view Leonora Wylie with very diffierent eyes.

"Well, my dear," said the old gentleman when the guests were gone to their room at last, "how do you like our company?"

"Kitty is charming," said Mrs. Lathrop. "Do you notice how prettily she blushes and laughs every time we ask her anything about Bob? Oh, I am so glad it happened just so."

"And the other one."

"Oh, she seems very nice, too, in her way—a quiet, modest little thing."

"You'd never suspect her to be a book writer?"

"No, never. To think of her knowing that nice receipt for East India pickles. I mean to try it to-morrow. And she told me a way to take the mildewed spots out of that best table cloth that I never heard of, though I've kept house seven and twenty years."

A week went by, and the barometer of Mrs. Lathrop's mind was varying perceptibly. Her husband quietly watched her, but made no allusion to their guests, until one evening Mrs. Lathrop broke out:

"A silly, empty-headed child—that's what she is, after all, with no more brains than my kitchen seive."

"Who? Leornora Wylie?"

"No, Kitty Bruce."

"Oh, you mean Bob's wife?"

"Yes, I mean Bob's wife. How I ever could have been so deceived in her before——"

"Perhaps he was deceived just in the manner. But how has she contrived to change your favorable opinion of her?"

"Why, she lies in bed until ten o'clock in the morning, while Leonora is down helping me about the dairy work—she comes down to breakfast, with frowsy hair, and slippers down at the heel, and unmended rents in her dress, to read novels and do horried useless worsted work; she don't know a thing about housekeeping, and she don't care to learn, and, oh, George, this is the worst of all, she goes out riding every afternoon with young Carrington, just as if she wasn't a married woman at all, while Leonora stays at home with me. If it wasn't for the comfort Leonora Wylie is to me, I do believe I should break my heart."

And she wiped away a stray tear or two with the corner of her apron.

"Oh, ch!" said Mr. Lathrop. "It seems to me that the tables are turned. But, never mind. Kitty is young. Perhaps she will improve."

"Never!" added the mother-in-law, emphatically. "A selfish, reckless, slovenly, lazy——"

"Stop, stop, my dear," said Mr. Lathrop; "no more adjectives just at present. Perhaps it would have been better, then, if Bob had married Leonora Wylie, after all."

"Better! Oh, George, if Leonora could only have been my daughter. But then I suppose it is wicked to go against this Lord's will," she added.

"You have made up your mind to that, have you?" said her husband, with a certain grim humor. "Why it's but a little while since you were all for taking the Lord's business into your own hands. You had your wish, and you aren't satisfied with it."

"But I didn't know how sweet and lovely Leonora Wylie was, nor——"

"Hush!" said her husband, lifting his finger. "Who's that?"

"Joe Carrington, bringing Kitty back from her ride," said Mrs. Lathrop. "George, George! look there! Will you doubt what I said about her being wicked now? See, he is actually kissing her!"

"I see, said the old gentleman, dryly, and "who is that in the back seat?"

"Our Bob!" cried Mrs. Lathrop, with a little scream. "Oh, to think that he should come back so."

"Our Bob!" stalked in accordingly, a handsome specimen of manhood. "Where's my wife?" demanded Bob, after he had given his mother a sounding kiss.

"Why, there on the carriage step, to be sure," said Mrs. Lathrop.

"No, she is't, either," said Bob.

And little Leonoras Wylie, darting into his arms, like a velvet eyed robin, solved the riddle.

"Eh!" cried Mrs. Lathrop.

"Mother, don't be angry with us!" pleaded Leonora, "but it was all Kitty's plan, because she knew you did not like me, and—and she's engaged to Joe Carrington, and I'm Bob's wife!"

"Mrs. Lathrop started helplessly around for a minute or two, and then she took Leonora fondly into her motherly embrace."

"Your dear little kitten," said she, "I never was so glad of anything in my life."

"And father knew all about it!" said Leonora, glancing slyly up at Mr. Lathrop, "and he said it wasn't wrong."

"So you were in the plot against me," said Mrs. Lathrop, half laughing, half crying, "but I don't care; it is such a luxury to be able to love Bob's wife."

HOW TO RUN.

Very few boys know how to run.

"Oh, ho!" say a dozen boys. "Just bring on the boy that can run faster than I can."

But, stop a moment. I don't mean that most boys can't run fast—I mean they can't run far. I don't believe there is one boy in fifty, of those may read this, who can run a quarter of a mile at a good smart pace without having to blow like a porpoise by the time he has made his distance. And how many boys are there who can run, fast or slow, a full mile without stopping?

It hardly speaks well for our race, does it, that almost any animal in creation that pretends to run at all can outrun any of us?

Take the smallest terrier dog you can find, that is sound and not a puppy, and try a race with him. He'll beat you badly. He'll run a third faster than you can, and ten times as far, and this with legs not more than six inches long. I have a hound so active that he always runs at least 75 miles when I stay a day in the woods with him; for he certainly runs more than seven miles an hour, and if I am gone 10 hours, you see he must travel about 75 miles of distance. And then, a good hound will sometimes follow a fox for two days and nights without stopping, going more than 350 miles, and he will do it without eating or sleeping.

Then, you may have heard how some of the runners in the South African tribes will run for long distances—hundreds of miles—carrying dispatches and making very few stops.

I make these comparisons to show that our boys who can not run a mile without being badly winded are very poor runners.

But I believe I can tell the boys something that will help them to run better. I was a pretty old boy when I first found it out, but the first time I tried I ran a mile and a quarter at one dash, and I was not weary nor blown. And now I am going to give you the secret:

Breathe through your nose.

I had been thinking what poor runners we are, and wondering why the animals can run so far, and it came to me than perhaps that this might account for for the difference, that they always take air through the nose, while we usually begin to puff through our mouths before we have gone many rods. Some animals, such as the dog and the fox, do open their mouths and pant while running, but they do this to cool themselves, and not because they cannot get air enough through their noses.

I found once, through a sad experience with a pet dog, that dogs must die if their nostrils become stopped. They will breathe through the mouth only while it is forcibly held open; if left to themselves they always breathe through the nose.

So, possibly, we are intended to take all our breath through the nose, unless necessity drives us to breathe through the mouth.

There are many other reasons why we ought to make our nose furnish all the air to our lungs. One is, the nose is filled with a little forest of hair, which is always kept moist like all the inner surfaces of the nose, and particles of dust that would otherwise rush into the lungs and make trouble, are caught and kept out by this little hairy network. Then the passages of the nose are longer and smaller and more crooked than that of the mouth, so that as the air passes through them the air becomes warm.

But these are only a few reasons why the nose ought not to be switched off and left idle, as so many noses are, while their owners go puffing through their mouths.

All trainers of men for racing and rowing, and all other athletic contests, understand this, and teach their pupils accordingly. If the boys will try this plan, they will soon see what a difference it will make in their endurance. After you have run a few rods holding your mouth tightly there will come a time when closed, it will seem as though you could not get air through the nose alone; but don't give up; keep right on, and in a few moments you will overcome this. A little practice of this method will make you the best runner in the neighborhood.—*Theo. B. Wilson in St. Nicholas.*

Dreams and Illusions.

SOME INTERESTING SUGGESTIONS OF THE STUFF THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF.

Wundt regards most of dream representation as really representations since they emanate from sensorial impressions which, though weak, continue during sleep, says the *Medical News*. An inconvenient position during sleep causes the representation of painful work, perilous ascent of a mountain, etc. A slight intercostal pain becomes the point of an enemy's dagger or the bite of an enraged dog. Difficulty in respiration is fearful agony caused by night-mare. the night-mare seemed to be a weight rolled upon the chest, or a horrible monster which threatens to stifle the sleeper. An involuntary extension of the foot is a fall from the dizzy height of a tower. Flying is suggested by the rhythmic movements of respiration. Further, "those subjective visual and auditory sensations which are represented in the walking state as a luminous chaos of an obscure visual field, by humming and roaring in the ears, and especially subjective retinal sensations, have an essential role," according to Wundt. "There are shown to us innumerable birds, butterflies, fish, multicolored pearls, flowers, etc." But if there be some cutaneous irritation these visions are usually changed into catterpillars or beetles crawling over the skin of the sleeper.

The sleeper sometimes dreams of his appearing on the street or society only half dressed; the innocent cause is found in some of the bed-clothes having fallen off. An inconvenient position of the sleeper, a slight hinderance to respiration or interference with the action of the heart, may be the cause of dreams where one seeks an object without being able to find it, or has forgotten something in starting upon a journey. The movements of respiration may suggest to the sleeper, as previously mentioned, flying, but this flight may be objective, and instead of himself flying he sees an angel descending from the heavens or a luminous chaos where birds are swiftly moving.

The representations of dreams having sensortal origin may have mingled with them those which arise solely from the reproduction of past memories. Thus parents or friends cut off in the flower of life ordinarily appear in dreams because of the profound impression which their death or burial has made, "hence the general opinion that the dead continue during the night their intercourse with the living."

Creole Housekeeping.

When a Creole lady gives a dinner party or a midnight supper one may be sure that the whole bill of fare has passed under her personal supervision, and she herself will add to the gumbo that exact proportion of file necessary to its perfection. While in the pot of gumbo, as it were, it may interest readers to know that all the evening entertainments, which are kept up until the small hours, a plate of this steaming sacrifice, with a snowy island of dry rice, is passed to each guest about two hours before supper, and a most staying, comforting prolouge it is, says *Harper's Bazar*. This custom has given way to newer methods in New Orleans, but is kept up in the plantation houses.

The Creole mistress prepares her own mayonnaise, biaque, devilled crabs, ices and sweets, and is most particular that coffee is strong and abundant enough. To come up to the required standard of strength it must dye the cup, but, then, a very small quantity is drunk. Every Creole, of high or low degree, believes that coffee was the Olympian nectar. The Creole woman can usually rely upon good service from her domestics, for she trains them well and treats them well with consideration, even affection, never with that de haut en bas air which the Anglo-Saxon often assumes towards his inferiors. She has her reward, for her servants stay with her, love her and serve her faithfully, and such efficient cooks and nurses do they become under her tutelage that Creole servants, as they come to be called, are in constant demand among all the American housekeepers.

Aversion to Pockets.

It is a mystery to the masculine mind how a woman gets along with so few pockets. How does she dispose of all the little accompaniments which are equally necessary to both sexes? To get rid of a watch-pocket she sometimes makes her belt pinch the watch on; and the single pocket which she may have, is probably devoted to her handkerchief. We say this tentatively, however, not knowing certainly, and wishing to avoid dangerous ground. Whatever it is used for, it is very small—almost extraordinary, in fact,—and, when we have attached it to the handkerchief, it will be more than full, and probably the handkerchief will visibly obtrude and run over. There is one curious thing that we do not know about this pocket matter, that we never can, and never shall try to account for. The pocket-book, so named because it was either made expressly to carry in the pocket or the pocket was first made expressly to carry it, women and girls do not carry there. It makes no difference whether a woman's pocket-book contains ten cents or a thousand dollars she will not, on any account, be induced to put it in her pocket—the only place she will carry it is in her hands. This is notably true of the ladies in the North, especially in New England; but we find that in the South the pocket is given the preference and the hands left free.

Staggered by a Small Boy.

Little Johnnie Jordan was a passenger on a suburban train yesterday. Beside him sat a tall, solemn-looking man with side whiskers. In front were Johnny's pa and ma, and behind him his Aunt Hetty. The whole party had been to church and the man sitting beside Johnny was the minister, going out to spend the afternoon with the Jordans.

"My little man," said the minister to Johnny, "did you pay close attention to the sermon?"

"Yessir."

"Do you remember that I said something about miracles?"

"Yessir."

"Well, Johnny, do you know what a miracle is?"

"Yessir."

"Tell me, please."

"Well, all I know about it is ma she said this morning that it would be a miracle if we could go to church once without havin' the minister taggin' home with us to dinner. So I guess this haint no mir"——

"Johnny Jordan!" (from the front seat). "Will you come here this minute?"

"Yes'm."—*Chicago Herald.*

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

RYE PAN CAKES.—One cup of sour milk, one cup of flour, one cup of rye meal, four tablespoonfuls of molasses, one egg and one small tablespoonful of saleratus, drop from a spoon into hot lard, and fry like doughnuts.

POTATO SCALLOPS.—Mash potatoes with butter and milk; season with pepper and salt; whip to a cream and fill scallop shells with the mixture, mounding it high and smoothly. Bake quickly, and as they brown wash over lightly with beaten egg. Eat hot from the shells.

DAINTY BISCUITS.—Beat very lightly one egg, pour it over a pint of flour, add a glass of milk, and chop in one tablespoonful of lard and butter mixed. Work thoroughly together; break up pieces the size of marbles, which must be rolled as thin as your nail. Sprinkle with dry flour as you roll them out, to make them crisp; stick with a fork and bake quickly.

GINGER SNAPS.—One cup of sugar, one cup molasses, one cup butter, one tablespcon ginger, one teaspoon soda dissolved in a little water, and as much flour as can be stirred in. Pinch off pieces as large as good sized marble, roll in the hands, flatten slightly and place in the tin, leaving room for them to spread. Bake in a moderate oven and watch closely, as they burn easily. Leave in the tin until cool enough to snap.

GREEN CORN PANCAKES.—Take five good ears of sweet corn, just too hard for eating but still in the milk, grate into any convenient crock or pan, scraping all milk and loose corn from the cobb, add two eggs, one cup of sour milk or cream, one-half teaspoonful of soda, enough flour to thicken as flour batter cakes. Salt to taste and bake as ordinary pancakes. Try them, and I think you will want to try them again.

BREAD AND BUTTER MUFFINS.—Two cups of fine dry, two heaping tablespoonfuls of prepared flour, two cups of boiling milk, two beaten eggs, one cup of boiling water, half tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of butter. Pour the boiling salted water on the crumbs; let them stand covered for half an hour; drain off the liquid without pressing the crumbs any, beat in the flour, add the butter to the hot milk and put in next; beat until smooth and nearly lukewarm before the eggs go in; bake in muffin rings on a hot griddle. Send to table hot and tear—not cut—open.

Didn't Favor a Half-way Job.

A gentleman had the occasion to send his little daughter up to the garret for some article which he wanted. The child soon returned crying; and upon being asked what the trouble was, replied, "that the snow had sifted in upon the garret stairs and she had slipped down and hurt herself."

"Well, did you get what I told you?" inquired the father.

She replied that she had not.

"Well, then," he exclaimed, starting up. "I'll go; I guess I ain't afraid of a little snow."

After he had gone the child observed that she hoped papa would fall just a little to pay him for laughing at her.

Soon afterwards a distant bumping and rolling was heard, accompanied with the sound of suppressed wrath. The family listened with awakened interest, but the object of their solicitude was heard above whispering quite soberly, as if nothing had happened.

He crossed two rooms above and as he approached the top of the stairs, thundered out:

"Open the chamber door! Next you know, you'll have me tumble down here and break my neck. It's so dark now—" but the sentence was never finished.

Trip went his heels, and rolling, thumping and swearing he sprawled his six feet of length upon the kitchen floor, where he was greeted with bursts of merriment from the collected family. He lay quite still for a moment, and then shouted out:

"Open the cellar door; I may as well put her through, clear to the bottom."

Household Suggestions.

Sunshines on mirrors will injure their lustre, therefore do not hang opposite a door or window.

If a broom is hung up when out of use it will last much longer than if allowed to stand or lie about in corners.

A few oyster shells, mixed with the coal used for a furance or large stove, will effectually prevent the accumulation of clinkers.

Never sun feather beds. Air them thoroughly on a windy day in a cool place. The sun draws the oil and gives the feathers a rancid smell.

Hot alum is the best insect destroyer known. Put it in hot water and let it boil until all the alum is dissolved. Apply hot, with a brush, and all creeping things are instantly destroyed.

Perfectly sound lemons may be put in a large jar, covered with cold water, and put away in a cold place. They will keep for some time and remain very juicy. The water should be changed once a week.

To preserve goods from moths, do not use camphor in any form. Pieces of tar paper laid in fur boxes and in closet are a better protection. Five cents will buy enough to equip all the packing boxes and closets of a large house for a year.

To make jelly, it is not necessary to use a pint of sugar to a pint of juice; but one cupful of sugar to three cupfuls of juice will make splendid jelly that is one-fourth sugar and three-fourths juice. If whortle or elderberries are used, put a tablespoonful of strong vinegar to a pint of juice.

Here is a way of sweetening old butter to use for cooking: To one pound of butter put one pint water; one teaspoonful baking powder and one teaspoonful salt; put on the stove in a stewpan, let it come to a boil. Set off to get cold; let all water drain off, wipe the butter dry, and it can be used for cake and all cooking purposes.

Carpets infested by buffalo bugs should be steamed with a damp cloth and a hot flatiron, which will kill the eggs, and the adult miscreant that shows himself will no doubt meet the fate he deserves on the spot. The steaming operations should be repeated frequently. Bed-steads washed occasionally with kerosene will never be troubled with vermin. Dalmatian sprinkled in the way of ants, when their visit begin, will cause them to disappear. Powdered borax is also said to be good.

Naugatuck Valley.

Rev. Colt, of New York, preached a sermon to a small audience of silent people at St. Paul's Church, in Bridgeport, last Sunday. But for the exceeding heat of the day, there would have been a full attendance of all the mutes in that city. Mr. Abe Marshall and his family, Mr. Charles Beers and wife, Mr. Ford and wife and Mr. Fahy made up the audience.

Your correspondent had a short but a very pleasant vacation in that city. He went down to Bridgeport, last Sunday morning, and stopped with his sister, Mrs. Seaman, over Sunday.

Miss Georgia Loomis, of New York, had been stopping with Mrs. Seaman for a few days, and has gone to Easton, to spend her vacation for a few weeks.

Misses Edith Marshall and Weller are going back to school at Hartford, on September 15th. They both are young and pretty ladies.

Mr. Edward Spencer, of Seymour, Conn., is working at the rubber factory, and he is also the sexton of the Congregational Church.

Mr. Abe Marshall has been working steadily at his old trade ever since.

Mr. Mortimer W. Seaman has been unwell for two weeks, and contemplates having a vacation of a week or so.

Your correspondent came back to Seymour, last Monday morning, and is working in the same factory.

Miss Maggie Derham has a good position in the suspender factory in Waterbury.

Mr. R. D. Livingstone is working at the Waterbury Watch Factory and gets fair wages.

William H. McCann will go to Waterbury on business a week from next Saturday.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPT. 9, 1886.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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One copy, one year, - - - - - -	$1.50
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AN UNNATURAL FATHER.

EDUCATION has accomplished and is accomplishing so much for the deaf and dumb, that it is becoming the exception and not the rule to find a mute who is incapable of self-support. But we now and then hear of a case where the greed of the parents prevents their afflicted offspring from receiving an education, and the result is always deplorable in the extreme. The following, clipped from the *Herald* of Sunday last, will explain itself:

"A *Herald* reporter was present yesterday afternoon in the Madison street police station when a most distressing tale was unfolded to the kind hearted sergeant in charge. J. Butter, a baker living at No. 12 Pelham street accompanied by a friend, brought into the station house one of the most helpless specimens of womankind possible to imagine. The poor creature was covered with an old shawl and a dress much too large for her. Weak eyes without expression were shaded by a cheap sailor hat. Her name, Charlotte Butter, was given by one of the men that led her before the desk. He said he was her father. The unhappy creature had just appeared before justice Gorman, in the Essex Market Police Court, and deaf and dumb and friendless as she was, had attempted to prove that one George Wilson, living in the same house as her father, had assaulted her. But there was no evidence to substantiate her charge and Wilson was discharged.

"At the age of five years, twelve years ago, the girl was committed to Randall's Island on some unknown charge, and passed twelve years of her wretched life there. On May 27th last she was discharged and sought the home of her father. The authorities of Randall's Island, according to her father's statement, had not taught the miserable creature the deaf and dumb language or how to work at any trade. Her dull intellect may have had something to do with this, but it would seem that somebody has erred in casting such a helpless being upon the world.

"Her father refused her shelter after the police justice proved unable to do anything for her."

It seems incredible that a man with the least spark of feeling would thus refuse shelter and support to his own daughter, who, by virtue of her affliction, should have more than an ordinary claim on his heart. That such brutes are permitted to live and prosper is one of the "things that passeth all understanding," and that he should be punished and compelled to support the young woman, no one will gainsay; but there seems to be very little prospect of justice being done in the matter. It is the duty of every deaf-mute knowing of any such child growing up without an education, to report the case to the proper authorities. It would be a simple matter, requiring no outlay of money, and of but very little time; but it would in all probability result in the temporal happiness of a human being, and the eternal joy of a soul.

A VERY sad case of total blindness has occurred in St. Louis, the unfortunate person being a deaf-mute young man, named Edward J. Macnamara. He is about twenty-five years of age, and has always been keen sighted, being at one time a clever baseball player. We have not yet heard how the affliction came upon him, but hope to get particulars very soon. The Gallaudet Club, of New York, and other clubs or societies that have received the large group portrait of the St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club, will find Mr. Macnamara in the group. This is the most sorrowful calamity that the mind of man could conceive. A young man, in the pride of his strength and vigor, to whom all earthly sounds have ever been a blank, suddenly deprived of the one great compensating blessing that makes the way of life endurable to such as him, doomed to exist in a world of total silence and total darkness as well. Deprived of his usefulness, he must henceforth live only in the blessed hope that is offered to all who be live in Him, remembering that—

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

THE JOURNAL this week gives the proceedings of the convention of deaf-mutes in Pennsylvania. As will be seen, the sessions were both orderly and profitable, and the attendance all that could be expected.

ITEMIZER.

News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Daniel Minihan, who hailed from Ireland two years ago, has become a member of the Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes.

Geo. L. Reynolds tendered his resignation as Secretary of the Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes and it was accepted.

Miss Wollman, of Brooklyn, E. D., spent several weeks at the Catskills, and has returned home. She had a splendid time.

Miss Hare, of the Lexington Avenue Institution, with her mother, made a very pleasant call on Miss Keeler last week, at 72 West 50 St.

Mr. Henry Kohlman, one of Miss Keeler's pupils, has been boarding with his brothers at the Peekskill Military Institute during the summer.

On the 25th of August, an excursion was given for the benefit of the De l'Epee C. D. M., of Phila. The excursion was a success, and netted $186.86 profit.

Mr. F. H. King, of Elmira, N. Y., returned home on the 27th, from Utica and Sylvan Beach, where he enjoyed a two weeks' visit to his accomplished lady friend.

Miss Annie E. Woodall, of Chester, Pa., has been spending two weeks in Norristown, Pa., with her dear friend Miss Maggie Hoffman. She returned home last Monday.

Edward, J. Reddy, Newburyport, and Owen Hughes, of Haverhill, and James Reynolds, of New York, was at Salisbury Beach last Sunday. They had a good time.

The *Youth's Companion* says: "Kitto, one of the most painstaking and accurate theological scholars, was deaf, dumb and blind." [He was only deaf.—ED. JOURNAL.]

Mrs. Alex. Dezendorf, *nee* Miss Highfield, of Brooklyn, tenders her heartiest congratulations to her best friend, Mrs. Ellsworth Brown, *nee* Miss Bedner, o' Utica, on her marriage.

Geo. W. Walker and Solomon H. Winne visited Mr. and Mrs. Irwin, at Creek Locks, last Sunday, and had a most enjoyable time. Mr. and Mrs. Irwin has a fine boy five months old.

Two weeks ago, in the Cathedral Chapel of Phila., Rev. E. V. Lebreton united into the Holy bounds of matrimony two Catholic deaf-mutes: Mr. Thos. McCarthy and Miss Maggie Powers.

Mr. Donohue, of New York City, while in Providence, R. I., called on Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Kinsman. The other mutes would have greeted him if he had not left Providence that Saturday night.

Bridge Police John Donnelly took his three little daughters, his sister Mary and her friends, the Misses May McLaughlin and Mary McCue to see Buffalo Bill's Wild West one day recently. They enjoyed themselves highly.

While Amos Smith, of New Boston, N. H., was gathering white Baldwin apples, some time ago, he found one that measured 13¼ inches in circumference. He also has apples so large that it takes eighty-three of them to make a bushel.

While Louis Hildebrand was attending the Reunion at Indianapolis, a thief broke into his shoe-shop and sleeping apartment, at Huntingburg, and got away with a suit of clothes, a new pair of boots, a revolver and a fine "Meerschaum" pipe.

W. S. Downing, of Wilmington, Del., last year visited to his old Whipple Home School at Mystic, Ct., and also went to Block Island. He expects to take a trip to Boston, Mass., and its suburbs, and then will visit Mystic again for a few weeks.

Miss Minnie F. Smith, oldest hearing daughter of Mrs. Whipple M. Follett, left Woonsocket, R. I., last Tuesday, for Western Pennsylvania, where she has secured a position at the school for mutes. She is a very accomplished young lady, and a graceful sign-maker, too. Abundant success to her.

The three branches of St. Joseph's Institute at Fordham (N. Y. City), Westchester and Brooklyn, will reopen on Monday, the 13th. A large number of new pupils will be admitted. Still there is plenty of room for many more. The Institutions have been put in first class condition during vacation, and are now as comfortable as any in America.

On Sunday afternoon, the 29th ult., Rev. Job Turner held a sign service in St. Paul's Church, Newport, Ky., before a good deaf-mute congregation, considering the hot afternoon. He stood the heat well, as he is well used to it while down South. Among the silent listeners was Prof. Goodwin, of the Baton Rogue Deaf-Mute Institution, in whose misfortune in losing his crops by a freshet, Dr. Gillett took so deep a sympathy, that he solicited a good contribution from the late Illinois Reunion which he sent by mail, to to cheer him up, which was accordingly done.

Richard Drennan, a graduate of Fanwood, and a cracker-packer by occupation, lives with his parents on Eighth Avenue, near 10th St. Last week Richard got drunk and then went home. He had done so before. But on this occasion, he beat his mother and brutally struck his sister several blows in the face and on the head. His father was out at that time, and had no body come to their assistance, probably he would have killed them. A policeman soon came and took him in. Richard Drennan was arrested once before for being drunk, but was let go, on promising not to appear before the court again and for such offence, this time Richard did not get any mercy, but is now serving a term.

Our Lord preached and worshipped in the sign language, when He put His fingers in the deaf ears and touched the mute tongue, and looked up to heaven, and sighed. Next to personal communion with the deaf, which we may now enjoy as the fruit of their education, is the privilege of ministering to them through their duly appointed missionary priests, the Rev. A. W. Mann in the central States, and other elsewhere throughout the Church. If our own ears are opened, we shall rejoice for every opportunity to share with the children of silence something of the happiness which we ourselves so freely draw from cheerful voices, sweet music, and thoughtful speech. Above all we shall delight in finding the Spirit of the Lord upon us in our ability thus to preach to them as well as others the good tidings of salvation and fellowship in Christ.—*Standard of the Cross.*

BOSTON.

AUGUST JOYS AND NOTES.

To sit beside a purling brook,
Under a cloudless sky,
In some remote, sequestered nook,
And toss the gaudy fly,
And bring to the bank the speckled prey,
Oh! that is joy on an August day.

To sit beside the moonlit sea,
Where the wavelets wash the strand,
Murmuring a sorthing melody,
Clasping the lily hand
Of a beautiful maiden dressed in white,
Oh! that is joy on an August night.
—*G. R. Jackson, in Courier.*

Only four mutes, Mr. and Mrs. Harrington, Mrs. C. P. Wise and Mrs. Lynde, went to the Maine Mission last Friday evening, on the Star of the East. Prof. Job Williams accompanied them with much pleasure.

Mr. F. B. Roberts will remain at his summer house in Newcastle, N. H., until the latter part of September.

Mr. Bettis, of South Boston, had a present from his wife lately—mother and child are doing well. It is the fifth child. They are daily enjoying the sea breezes at City Point.

Young Charles Wise went on a fishing excursion to Nantucket Beach with a party of acquaintances one day last week. He was quite successful, and brought home a goodly number of fish.

The Cambridge Society has discontinued its Sunday meetings, but will, however, meet again September 19th, at the same church. The members of the Society have been to different watering places since the close of the meeting.

Mrs. Ranald Douglas had the pleasure of passing two weeks with her much attached friend, Mrs. Persis Bowden, at the Beverly school. They had really a good time in visiting Old Marblehead Neck, the beautiful Asbury Grove, and other places of interest. Upon the visitor's return homeward, she made calls in Everet, Chelsea and West Somerville, and also made new deaf friends. Her home is at Gardiner, Mass.

Mr. A. W. Gerry, of Charlestown, has been traveling over the Provinces with his only brother, who is a drummer, stopping a week at Halifax and its surroundings. He brought home many good sketches. He is doing a good business at wood engraving.

Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard returned from their three weeks' visit to the latter's folks in New Hampshire. We were glad to see them looking so well and cheerful. The niece of Mrs. Blanchard is now with them in Somerville, and prefers to live in the vicinity of Boston to New Hampshire, because of plenty of pleasant resorts around Boston.

Last Sunday, Prof. Abel Clark, of the Hartford School, delivered an interesting discourse to a small audience of deaf-mutes in Boston. His subject was the Christian and Heathen Lands, with incidents.

In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Wellington, in company with Mrs. Bella Lockwood and Mrs. Frisbee, rode to Forest Hills Cemetery, which is one of the most beautiful burial grounds in the New England States. It is situated in West Roxbury District, about five miles from the centre of Boston. It includes about 225 acres, and is finely laid out on high land. The visitors admired the natural beauties of the place—pretty little lakes, handsome, rural groves, etc. The main entrance is through an ornamental stone gateway, on the outer face of which is the inscription, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," and on the inner face are the words, "He that keepeth thee will not slumber." Among the eminent persons buried here is the Indian Apostle, John Eliot, to whom a monument has lately been erected, and on the Warren Hill is the tomb of Gen. Joseph Warren, the lamented and beloved hero of Bunker Hill. I was entranced with the beauties of the spot, and felt those whose spirit had returned to the God who gave it, were hovering around me. It is truly the city of the dead and all mute visitors to Boston, should visit this spot. Of course, I do not intend to reflect on Mount Auburn and Woodlawn, both being very artistically laid out. Either of them is worth visiting, as I do not think either of them is excelled in the New England States.

Mr. Geo. Homer, wife and daughter have been the guests of the latter's husband elect in New Bedford, since they came from Europe last July, and will not return to their own home on Appleton Street, Boston, until October.

Henry Skillin, last week, was seriously injured in the bridge of his nose, by a piece of wood flying from the circular saw in the shop where he was employed. He was sent to the Massachusetts Hospital, and had his nose stitched up. It is feared that it will disfigure him for life.

Albert W. Chapman visited the "Hub," and while here called on his friends in Cambridge. He made a flying trip, as he was due at his home in Keene, N. H., on a specified time.

Mrs. Bella Lockwood will start for home in Long Branch, N. J., next Monday, if pleasant, and expects to stop in Brooklyn for a day or two. We will all miss her very much, because she is greatly liked by all who know her well. At all events we would be pleased, if she would come and see us again.

The sudden illness of Mr. Thomas Moodie's mother called him to his home in Vermont. He arrived home in the morning, and she died in the afternoon. He remained ten days at his home, and arrived in Cambridgeport last Sunday. Our sympathy for him.

THE MAYFLOWER.

Sept. 1, '86.

NEW YORK.

A Trip to Glen Island.

FACTS FROM HERE AND THERE

(*From our New York Correspondent.*)

There is no reason to believe that if a picnic or excursion was given every other day for a month in succession, there could not be found at least two dozen of our mutes who would be ready and willing to attend every one, and with the close of the past month, it seemed to us that the excursion season,—so far as as concerns those who generally find their names and doings in these columns,—would be laid aside for another ten months at the earliest, but in this we were mistaken, and again are forced to put down another as being the "last of the season."

On this occasion, however, we are at a loss whether to describe it, a private or public affair, for the reason that it was both in one, though the party referred to was a select one, and the excursion up to the time of sailing was known to few outside the participants, each one being informed of the event, particulars, etc., by invitation.

The projectors had issued of these latter nearly fifty, and the number who responded reached thirty ladies and gentlemen. The date set down, Saturday, September 4th, and the time designated, the afternoon of the above date, and Glen Island the excursion grounds, it is not to be wondered at that the event was a highly enjoyable one.

Glen Island has probably been seen by many of our mutes, but to those who would really enjoy it, and the many attractions it contains, no better time could be taken for that purpose than between now and the latter part of the present month.

During the warm weather, it is hardly a better place for a day's enjoyment than our own Central Park, unless, perhaps, the bathing privileges are taken into consideration. In other respects, they bear a strong resemblance to each other, the shaded walks, quiet nooks, menagerie, merry-go-rounds, etc., corresponding, though at Glen Island a little more freedom is allowed. Still no matter where one goes, from one end of the Island to another, he is reminded of Central Park by that formidable and uninvitting placard of "Please Keep off the Grass."

Despite this, one cannot fail to enjoy oneself if he is bent on so doing. The sail from the city to the Island occupies nearly three quarters of an hour, and is a delightful one, too. On the way are to be seen Hell Gate, Blackwell, Ward's and several other Islands, Fort Schuyler and the picturesque shores of Westchester which skirt the Long Island Sound. If it be a fair day, the breeze is generally delightful, and what with the fast steamers of Commodore Starin's line, who by the way is also owner of the Island, there is no more convenient place for a day's enjoyment than a visit to this day summer resort.

It was a little after noon of the day mentioned that the Island was reached by our "Select Thirty," and from then until 6 P.M., the time was made the most of in exploring and enjoying everything it contained that is open to the public. The menagerie was visited, the "missing link" commented upon, one young lady saying, he was "really pretty." The Glen Island kangaroo received more particular attention than he is wont to. "Cookies," as only an elephant can appreciate, were made to order by one of the fair excursionists, and on that occasion Starin's "Little Jumbo" got a square meal, if he never did before.

"Little Germany," or "Deutschland," wherein one is reminded of how our Teutonic brethren pass their time on their festal days in the Faderland was visited next. The sterner members of the party quaffed "zwei beer und frankfurter," while the ladies sipped their lemonade through "straws," chatting merrily of the good time they were having, and wishing it was only a larger company of mutes.

Thus the time was passed, a bath was taken, by those who were not averse to "still water," but one young fellow, who is well-known for his bravado, could not be induced to enter the water, giving as his reason, he always preferred a rough surf, and never went in boating where the "sea serpent" was not known to have shown itself. He was told to "jump off the bridge," and left to think over in "his mind" of how brave a young man he would be considered hereafter, while about a dozen of the party splashed, flopped, turned somersaults, and in fact did every conceivable thing connected with bathing, to the infinite delight of the rest of the company and a couple of hundred strangers, who had come up on the same boat, but were not of the party, that were seated on the pavilion fronting the beach.

A race around the Island in 16 ft. working boat was next in order between "that member from Hoboken" and the young fellow whose chief ambition is to be known as the "King of the Dudes." He, in one respect, is entitled to that, but in this race, the "Hoboken member" made him the sickest specimen of a dude we have ever seen. The start was made from the steamboat wharf, and for the first 100 yards, it looked as if the "Dude" was to leave his opponent in the rear, but at the finish the "Hoboken member" was all alone, and after waiting half an hour for the "Dude" a messenger was dispatched to the other end of the Island with a bottle of rye and a life preserver, to see is there was anything left, and what had become of our brave friend "chaw lie." Poor fellow, he said he had seen the "sea-serpent," and was fairly shaking in his shoes, but it turned out to be a stray soda water bottle which was dropped from some passing steamer, and was serenely bobbing up and down on its way for the Glen Island, shore, little thinking of the fright it had produced on the "deah boy."

After the race, a genuine romp was resorted to by the younger element of the party, and for the next few hours Glen Island patrons were of the opinion a holiday had been given to the inmates of the insane asylum on Blackwell's Island. The fun was fast and furious, and when all declared they had enough of it, a Glen Island Clambake, which differs in one regard from that to be obtained at Coney Island, in containing on an average of four persons sufficient for three, the latter, only providing enough for two, was done justice to, and it being near six o'clock P.M., it was deemed time to make for home, all expressing a wish it could last through the next day, and a general desire that another could be made up in the near future.

To Mr. and Mrs. Austin, with their daughters Annie and Edith, is credited the success of the occasion, and to "Poet" Le Clercq may be given the highest honor for acting in the capacity of floor Manager, floor and Reception Committee, and in the main, altogether a general "utility" man.

With the above were also present, that we had the honor to speak to, Mrs. and Miss Ballin, Messrs. Pfeiffer, Whipple, Sheldon, Toggard, several other ladies, whose names we have the grace to omit, and that distinguished "Society" man from Hoboken, "Count Tony Capelli," who with "Snooks" gloried over the defeat of the "Dude."

FACTS FROM HERE AND THERE

A week or two ago, two of our mutes, who by the way are the greatest mimics of persons and things to be found in the city, were badly taken in and it is dangerous to approach within even a hint of the occurrence in their presence. One, who makes his home in the upper part of Harlem, made an appointment with the other to meet at a stated place and go from thence to see a lady friend whose charms he highly praised. They met, and it appears they got there. Ringing the bell, they were met by "Bridget," who in this instance could read Greek, but not English. She looked at the inquiry in writing. "Is Miss —— at home?" stared and nodded her head "No," then waved her hand "Go." The first young man was mad. He knew the lady lived in the house. Pointed to the pad again, then into the hall. Bridget was surprised. Made a motion with her hand for him to wait. Went to the kitchen and called up Mary Ann, who acts in the capacity of chambermaid. Mary Ann came to the door, read the pad, but she, too, was ignorant of English, it would seem. She stared for a minute or so, then her head went up and down and side ways in a sorrowful way. Bridget was enlightened, put her hand in her pocket, pulled out a dime and handed it to gent No. 1. He was thunderstruck, refused the coin, and said something in signs which Bridget if she understood, would consider highly uncomplimentary. The gent in question always dresses with the best of care, and to be taken for beggar hurts his better feelings. The fun is, he was mad afterward for not taking the money to spite Bridget's ignorance, and it appears the lady in question was out on that day.

We had the good fortune; if it may be called so, to drop in on Artist Tresch Sunday afternoon. The group taken at the Scranton Convention is an admirable one, and the first thing we noticed was the daisy moustache of "Mr. Spy," and were pleased to note that the lady above him shared in his cogomen as being "Mrs. Spy." Altogether the photographer did his work well, and the price for the picture, which is 18x22, being only $1, is remarkably cheap.

Since the excursion, many have come to us with the inquiry whether Pach Bros. were to lower the price of the photos taken on the occasion. The work is really very creditable, and such as Pach Bros. only know how to do. But might it not be to their profit to lower same to 50 and 75 cents, as by so doing the sales would reach a larger number than at present.

The Brooklyn Society met as stated last week, and we are informed the most important business under way was the resignation of Secretary Reynolds.

W. H. Rose, who lately returned from England, has secured a permanent frame in the office of the *Spirit of the Times*, and at present, the *times* seem, to greatly improve his spirits. He, in company with "Masher Tater" Fosmire took in what was worth seeing on Sixth Avenue, Sunday afternoon.

It is said that St. Ann's will not be ready for occupancy for a week or two to come. The renovators are busily engaged in changing its interior appearance.

Father Freeman opens his usual Sunday service in St. Francis Xavier College Hall, Sunday next. Entrance is on 15th St.

"Free Lance" not long since sat down to a supper of boiled owl and watermelon, which must have been tempting in the extreme.

MONTAGUE TIGG.

OCEAN GROVE.

End of the Season.

OUR SEA SHORE CORRESPONDENT'S FINAL BUDGET.

Dramatics.

(*From our Sea Shore Correspondent.*)

With this letter we close our series for the season of '86 at the Sea Shore. Taken in all, the season has been the most prosperous of any of the five your correspondent has spent here. Early in the season two of the more prominent hostelries, the "Norman" and "Millburn," found it advantageous to advertise in the JOURNAL, and to their profit.

Among late visitors were Mr. Waters, of Brooklyn, who was accompanied by his mother, and while here both were domiciled at the "Norman."

Miss Mamie Goodell, one of the reigning belies of Lancaster, Pa., has enlivened things by her two weeks sojourn at the "Norman."

Mr. Thos. F. Fox, president of the Gallaudet Club, arrived on August 30th, and remained till September 6th, and managed to put in a month's enjoyment in that time. He agrees with all who come here in saying that for real solid unadulterated fun, Ocean Grove cannot be beat.

Miss Jennie Williams and her sister, Mrs. Pole, of Newark, have been at the Prospect House on Lake Avenue for two weeks. Bathing, boating, etc., have received their full share of attention, and the young ladies left for their homes on Monday greatly refreshed.

Mrs. E. A. Hodgson has been staying at her brother's cottage at Elberon, during the past week.

The following item came to us from Long Branch. The Misses Hatch, Wardell and VanDyke are very fond of boating, and of catching the seductive hard crab. One day last week the party went to Pleasure Bay, and while crabbing Miss Hatch had the misfortune to tumble into the saline waters of the Shrewsbury, but was got out with no further damage than a good wetting.

Most New York and Brooklyn mutes know "Mr. Parker," of Brooklyn, his Aldermanic proportions being always visible when anything is going on. The gentleman has been here for some time past. We watched him bathe the other day, and though high tide was not due till about two hours later, when he got in the waters immediately surged shorewards.

Miss M. F. McDermott, of Brooklyn, left here on Saturday.

Miss Jennie Bowmann is at the Millburn as the guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. R. M. Bowmann.

Charles Carpenter left for a visit to Chicago on Saturday, but will be glad to meet his old friends at the American Institute Fair.

Last Wednesday evening the "Norman" parlors were filled with an expectant audience, who had been invited by the hostess to an entertainment gotten up by the young ladies assisted by Messrs. Fox and Pach. The following evening it was repeated at Stewart Cottage. The evening's entertainment opened with the comedy-farce of "Lend me five shillings," and though two of the participants were deaf, the whole play was given orally. The characters in the play were as follows:

Mr. Golightly	*Mr. Alex. L. Pach.*
Major Phobbs	*Mr. Harry Guild.*
Spruce	*Mr. Thos F. Fox.*
Col. Dobbs	*Mr. J. D. Wolfe, Jr.*
Sam, a waiter	*Mr. Chas. Stewart.*
Mrs. Capt. Phobbs	*Miss John Stewart.*
Mrs. Major Phobbs	*Miss Grace Stewart.*
Miss Eggleston	*Miss Mamie Goodell.*
Miss Spruce	*Miss Fannie Stewart.*
Mrs. Dobbs	*Miss Laura Stewart.*

Then came tableaux, charades, recitations, and

MRS. JARLEY'S WAX WORKS.

Dramatic Personæ

Mrs. Jarley	*Miss Grace Stewart.*
Adelina Patti	*Miss Joanna Stewart.*
Mrs. Winslow	*Miss Mamie Goodell.*
Lovers	*Mr. J. D. Wolfe.*
	Miss Laura Stewart.
Snickering Joe	*Mr. T. F Fox.*
Crazy Nell	*Miss Fannie Stewart.*
Oscar Wilde	*Mr. Chas. Stewart.*
John, Mrs. Jarley's servant	*Mr. A. L. Pach.*

After which followed illustrations of selections from well-known authors, "Blue Beard and his wives," "The intercepted letter;" and the evening's entertainment concluded with a burlesque pantomimic representation of the Mikado, and the characters were distributed as follows:

The Mikado of Japan	*Mr. J. D. Wolfe, Jr.*
Three Little Maids from School.	Yum Yum *Miss J. Stewart.*
	Peep Bo *Miss Goodell.*
	Piti Sing *Miss Grace Stewart.*
Nanki Poo	*Mr. Alex. L. Pach.*
Pooh Bah	*Mr C. W. Carpenter.*
Katisha	*Miss Fannie Stewart.*
Ko Ko	*Mr. T. F. Fox.*

Much credit is due the young ladies for their excellent part in the affair, and the costumes which were in every instance appropriate, were gotten up in very fine style.

We regret we were in error in regard to our item concerning Mr. C. R. Thomson, but as we got our information from a "mutual friend," we had no idea we were misinformed. Always glad to make the *amende honorable*, however, friend T——.

Miss Ely, formerly of the Lexington Avenue School, is still in Asbury Park, but leaves for Philadelphia this week.

Mr. "Jerry" Wolfe, of Princeton, finishes his duties at the Post Office on Saturday, and returns home on Monday,

Though this is our last letter for the season we shall remain here until Sept 20th, at which date we take our annual vacation part of which will be spent in Philadelphia and also in Trenton. Shall endeavor to give an account of the Pennsylvania and New Jersey Institutions as seen with New York eyes.

The success of the dramatics has induced the young ladies to repeat them once more on Wednesday evening at the Aurora House. This time, an admission fee of twenty-five cents will be charged, the proceeds to go to the fund for the benefit of the sufferers of Charleston.

Miss Kitty Shute, of Brooklyn, and a party of friends are expected here on Friday.

Last Sunday Messrs. Fox and Pach visited Long Branch, and after a sumptuous dinner at Leland's Hotel, called at Sonneborn Cottage, and a carriage was obtained to take them. Mr. and Mrs Loew, Miss Sonneborn and Mr. E. Lefi, to Ocean Grove, where all points of interest were visited, and after a supper at the Oriental all but the first named returned to Long Branch.

Sept. 4, 1886. HYPO

An Imposition.

The most absurd and nonsensical article that has ever appeared in the JOURNAL was that from Mr. Douglas Tilden. His efforts to prove that deaf teachers get poorly paid just because they are deaf-mutes, is nothing more than an effort to prove what everybody knows, but to say that they must submit to the unjustice, because they are deaf mutes is absurd upon the face of it. A thousand wrongs never make one right.

Take his argument at its entirety, and see what it leads to. Suppose the great Gallaudets, Peets, Storrs, etc., were shoemakers, carpenters and the like, with Mr. Douglas Tilden or other small spirited deaf-mutes working with them, would their possession of hearing give them better wages than deaf-mutes when their work is equally as good? Of course not. Why then make such a discrimination in the profession of teaching? Gauge all by their work, not by their hearing or deafness.

It is those poor-spirited deaf-mute teachers that allow the injustice to be perpetuated from year to year. None else are to blame, while the high-spirited ones get impatient under the injustice. To take advantage of a well-educated deaf teacher's misfortune is *an actual imposition*, which would never be practised in the trades, *the more shame to the profession.*

QUIMBY.

Notice for Catholic Mutes.

The Catholic deaf-mutes of Newark, N. J., and vicinity are cordially invited to attend a meeting to be held in St. Patrick's Cathedral Parish School building, Central Avenue near Washington Street, Sunday, September 12th, at 2:30 P.M.

St. Joseph's Union, of Brooklyn and the C. L. & B. U., of New York City, will send delegates.

A CATHOLIC.

A Circular Notice to New Hampshire Deaf-Mutes.

The Eighth Biennal Convention of our "Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission" will be held at Pittsfield, N. H., on the 9th and 10th of October, 1886. Particulars and reduced rates on railroads will be announced in due time. Also an interpreter and preacher.

W. E. WHITE,
Pres. G. S. D. M. M.
BENNINGTON, N. H.

Notice.

The Holy Communion will be celebrated in the signs, God willing, in Trinity Chapel, Newark, N. J., on Sunday next, September 12th, at 11 A.M, All are invited.

A SILENT MARRIAGE.

MUTES WEDDED IN ATHENS—TOUCHING CEREMONY.

On Wednesday evening the home of Mrs A. P. Dearing was thrown open to the relatives and a few friends of the family called together to witness the marriage of her daughter, Miss Marion E. Dearing to Mr. Robert Brashen Lawrence, of Louisiana. The beautiful ceremony of the Episcopal church was rendered in the silent yet speaking language of the deaf-mutes by the Rev. Thos. Gallaudet, rector of St. Ann's Church, New York. Miss Dearing was loved by all who knew her, and her happy and expressive face responding to every motion of the heart and mind will long be remembered by those who were present. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence left yesterday for Tallulah Falls, and will spend the honeymoon among the hills and valleys of Georgia before returning to their home in Louisiana.—*Atlanta, Ga., Constitution, Aug. 27.*

Prof. A. Boussand, of St. Joseph's Institute, at Westchester, returned home to Brooklyn, last Saturday, after a two months' vacation at the Catskill Mountains, Saratoga, Lake George and Niagara Falls. We have been to Saratoga, Lake George and Niagara Falls, and know how a gentleman with a well-filled wallet can enjoy himself at such places. The professor is one of the best fellows we have ever known.

Johnny Ingebrand has not been idle during his vacation. Aside from many other articles of scroll-work which he has made, a very beautiful Swiss clockframe now ornaments his mother's mantel. He recently spent two weeks in Tarrytown with his sister, and Prof. VanTassel, of Fanwood, did all in his power to make the visit enjoyable. Sunday night the "fat little boy" was seen hobnobbing with a Third Avenue Car driver and riding up and down. He is a general favorite in Harlem.

SCRANTON.

Third Biennial Convention of the Pennsylvania Association.

President's Address.

THE ORATION BY PROF. J. T. ELWELL.

Industrial Education.

A LIVELY DEBATE

Down in a Coal Mine.

CONVENTION NOTES.

(Specially Reported for the Journal.)

The Third Biennial Convention of the Pennsylvania Association of Deaf-Mutes began its sessions at eleven o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, September 1st, in the Scranton Court House.

The meeting opened with prayer by Rev. Francis J. Clerc. Rev. Mr. Clerc is an accomplished sign-maker, his father being the famous Laurent Clerc who came to this country from France to assist the elder Gallaudet in his early efforts at deaf-mute instruction.

Prof. J. P. Walker was appointed official interpreter.

After roll call by Secretary Koehler, miscellaneous business was begun.

On motion of Mr. Zeigler, seconded by Mr. Breen, the President appointed Messrs. Zeigler, Austin, Smith, Trist and Reider, as a Committee on nomination.

Rev. Father Lebreton, of Philadelphia opened the afternoon's proceedings with a fervent prayer. Rev. Father Lebreton has established a mission for Roman Catholic deaf-mutes in Philadelphia. He learned the language of signs in Paris where he was reared. He is an accomplished and erudite scholar, and understands half a dozen languages.

Mr. Zeigler notified the members present that mass would be celebrated by Rev. Father Lebreton at the Cathedral on Thursday morning at eight o'clock.

Secretary Koehler rendered his report. He said the Board had met in January, 1885, had taken action towards helping the Gallaudet Fund, had discussed the tramp law question, had appointed Mr. Elwell as Orator. At the meeting on August 31st, 1886, two additional candidates for honorary membership were proposed, namely, Rev. E. V. Lebreton, and Prof. John P. Walker.

The treasurer, Mr. W. R. Cullingworth reported the receipts to be $110.96, and the expenses $82.84 leaving a balance in the treasury of $28.12.

Mr. Elwell read the resolutions concerning the "tramp law." It was decided to petition all candidates for the legislature to use their influence to have the words "deaf and dumb" stricken from "the 5th Section of the Tramp Act."

Mr. Zeigler rendered a report of the progress of the Gallaudet Memorial Committee. Nearly $500 had been raised. It was decided to raise at least $1,000 as Pennsylvania's contribution.

Rev. Mr. Syle, (Vice-President Woodside in the Chair) then explained the object and working of the "Benevolent Fund."

The two newly elected honorary members—Rev. Father Lebreton and Prof. Walker—each made brief and neat acknowledgments of the honor conferred on them.

On motion of Rev. Mr. Syle, the word "mutes" was stricken from the name of the Association. It will hereafter be known as the "Pennsylvania Association of the Deaf."

It was also resolved to meet triennially or biennially as the Association may decide,

At the suggestion of Rev. Mr. Clerc, the resolution rescinding the word "mutes" from the name of the Association was reconsidered.

Mr. E. A. Hodgson, Mr. R. M. Zeigler, Rev. J. M. Koehler, Prof. S. G. Davidson, Mr, B. R. Allabough, Prof. J T. Elwell, and Rev. H. W. Syle took part in the discussion which ensued.

The time for adjournment having arrived, the question was tabled until next morning.

The Association was then photographed.

EVENING SESSION.

It was 8:30 when the session opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. Case, Pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Prof. Walker interpreting into signs.

Col. Ezra Ripple, Mayor of Scranton, cordially welcomed the mutes. He regretted that the streets of the city were in such a bad condition, but when the improvements now being made were completed, they would fully compensate for the present disagreeable confusion. He said he was no orator, and could not make an eloquent speech, yet he felt far more than the words could express an interest in their association and the work it was doing for the deaf.

President Syle then delivered in forcible signs the following address, it being orally interpreted, *pari passu*, by Prof. Walker :

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FELLOW-MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION, AND FRIENDS, OLD AND NEW :—This, our third Reunion, has already progressed far enough for it to be unnecessary for me to offer you any formal welcome. That has already been done by the honorable Mayor of this city, who may well be congratulated on presiding over a city marked by such energy and enterprise, a city which if it is too busy and bustling to put on its best dress for visitors just now, yet in its natural features and the elegance of architecture that grows with increasing resources, has the capabilities of high beauty and attractiveness.

The change from our last programme that puts the President's address in a later place, has allowed this Reunion to progress far enough for us to declare it by no means inferior to the two that preceded it, unless, indeed, it is a little less numerously attended than that at Philadelphia, as is natural to expect. In point of interest, enjoyableness, and lasting benefit, it bids fair to mark an advance—an advance which we may well hope will continue at each succeeding Reunion.

The reports of the Board, the Treasurer, the Trustees of the Benevolent Fund and the various Committees, read this afternoon, have shown that during the interval since we parted at Philadelphia, many of us have in various ways been actively engaged in promoting the interests committed to their care. The only matter respecting which there has been any degree of anxiety in the minds of the Board, has been that of finances. The expense necessary in *starting* such an Association, was heavy in comparison with the number of members. But thanks to the energy of the Executive Committee, we have been able to meet the Association with a treasury free of debt and with expectation of meeting the expenses of the present Reunion from its own receipts. It has, indeed, not been possible to begin the Benevolent Fund we planned ; but the Trustees have organized and made all arrangements to begin this beneficent work as soon as the means are supplied them for grants, and I trust that this will now be done.

The Fund has a twofold object. It is intended to afford assistance to those of the deaf in our own district who have the affliction of blindness, or are suffering under some equally great distress. We, who can best sympathize with them, and who are their schoolmates and classmates, as well as neighbors, should delight to extend the hand of brotherly aid to them in their adversity. This will help to remove the objection made to such societies as ours, that they have no purpose or possibility of lasting good. Those who make this objection surely underestimate the value of happiness,—the happiness of refreshing old friendships and making new ones, and the intellectual brightening up that comes from the free interchange of thought.

The other object of the Benevolent Fund is to afford a tie which will bind members to the Association. One great trouble with such Societies has been that their membership is changing from meeting to meeting—so that really few except some of the officers continue long in them. Our Association has been fortunate in this respect. The roll of 42 at the first Reunion grew to 86 at the second, including 25 of the original members. And of the 52 Philadelphians who enrolled themselves in their own city, some 40 are here to-day, having made a long but most delightful journey. For this result great credit is due to the happy idea which started the "Philadelphia Delegation Fund," and the persistence that carried it through.

In looking over the list of members, I was surprised to observe that of the 86 last enrolled, no less than 11 have in these two years entered into matrimonial blessedness, of the couples that have been formed two have been of members. I am safe in saying, however, they did not owe their origin to our Reunions.

We have to regret the loss of only one active member, Miss Lizzie Barstow, of Philadelphia, a young lady of fine talents and untiring devotion to good works, whose loss has been sorely felt in the circles in which she moved.

Of our honorary members, two have passed away—the venerable Mr. J. J. Barclay, for nearly fifty years a Director and for much of that time Secretary of the Pennsylvania Institution, and Dr. Thomas MacIntire, Principal of the Western Pennsylvania Institution, and one of the Trustees of our Benevolent Fund.

Mr. Barclay, not only took an active and influential part in the prudent and conservative management of the Pennsylvania Institution, but also by frequent familiar visits made himself personally acquainted with probably every one of the hundreds of pupils. Had he devoted to more ambitious pursuits the abilities he devoted to the cause of the friendless and unfortunate as well as of the deaf, his life might have been fuller of public honor, but his memory would not shine with purer lustre.

Dr. MacIntire brought to the Western Pennsylvania Institution rare energy and experience, and labored for it beyond his strength ; only when utterly exhausted did he leave it speedily to enter into rest. He was heartily interested in our Benevolent Fund, and we need to consider carefully where we shall find one to take his place as a Trustee.

At the last Reunion, I took the liberty of adding to the official summing-up and review of the history and state of our Association, some words on the importance of *Individual Effort*. I urged upon each of our members to do his best for his own elevation and thus for that of all associated with him. The aggregation of individual efforts toward one common end and by concerted means, each man acting in an agreed place and manner, constitutes the power which carries all great measures and effects all progress worthy of the name. One may originate an idea, and one may lead in its execution, but all must join in the work for it to succeed.

The glaciers of the Alps and of Norway press resistlessly onward to the plain or to the sea—mighty masses made up of minute particles all tending in the same direction and subject to the same laws. The solid mass they make up, while yielding to the compression of the hill-sides, yet yields only to gather strength and weight for the overwhelming forward impulse.

So with Society and with the combinations of the individuals in each of the classes that make up Society. The barons of the middle ages gathered around them tenants and retainers in a band, who fought, sometimes for the right, sometimes for the wrong, but always, regardless of right or wrong, fought for their lord. But as the villages grew into towns and cities, the workmen and tradesmen banded together in trades—companies and guilds, and built their city walls and elected their own magistrates to administer even-handed justice within the walls, and their own captains to maintain their civic rights in battle before the gates. From these free cities and their sturdy burghers come the great part of our modern political institutions.

In these days men combine for many purposes. They contribute to the common object their labor of to-day, and their capital earned by the labor of yesterday. We have heard much lately of the conflict between Capital and Labor, especially when the former was represented by great railway corporations, which are regarded as controlled by some few men of immense wealth. But there are others whose interests are to be considered.

The great value of the property and traffic of these railways, makes the stock of such as pay regular dividends a favorite investment with persons of small means. And I have seen it stated that in one instance at least the number of small stockholders is greater than that employes. So that the army of striking workingmen may be not only contending against the few capitalists who direct the policy of the corporation, but also imperiling the savings and the income of another host of widows and orphans of workingmen. I mention this statement only to show that in such questions one needs to look below the surface and consider all the interests involved ; and to indicate how complicated these interests are.

It is impossible to draw a hard and fast line between Capital and Labor. The extremes are readily recognized—the millionaire and the day-laborer. But the two classes meet and blend into one another. The grocer who hires a boy to do errands, the woman who has a girl to mind her baby, are employers of labor. The man who puts a dollar in a Building Association, is a capitalist.

The class of "Labor," however, is generally considered as composing all whose principal income is derived from their daily hand-work, either as employes of others or as in business in a small way for themselves. To this class belong the great mass of the deaf.

In their shops and factories they find their fellow-workmen organized into societies, which they are practically compelled to join as the condition of getting and keeping their places. For example, we hear now of serious difficulties and possible conflict between the "Knights of Labor" and the "Trade Unions."

I do not propose to offer an opinion about any particular society, but I do beg you, my friends and fellow-members of this Association, to realize how tremendous is the power of combination, and how weighty the responsibility that rests upon each and every member. Dare to think for yourselves and to be faithful to your convictions. Human societies are not glaciers, subject to fixed and unchangeable laws, nor are they machines, moving at the pleasure of a single hand laid on the lever. They are moulded and directed by the concurrent action of the members. Well for them if that action is free and thoughtful and true to the great principles of right.

The Association in which we are here united is, we firmly believe, formed for worthy purposes, founded on sound principles, and conducted with the fullest freedom. It deserves success. For five years it has been my privilege to watch with solicitude its progress ; and now, on the eve of laying down the high office with which you have honored me, it is my most earnest hope that the Association may grow and prosper and promote to the highest degree your best interests and your purest happiness.

Prof. J. T. Elwell followed with his oration.

THE ORATION.

My subject, Mr. President, Ladies and gentlemen, will embrace several topics, each of which I shall attempt to treat as Dean Swift would a dish of lobsters,—to get out the savory part near the tail, and then to put them back again that those intellectual epicures, whose tastes and gastronomical proclivities delight in such things, may be induced to take up and pick up at to the satisfaction of everybody concerned. As we sit down to our expected repast, figuratively speaking, we observe a number of delicacies spread out before us, some of which have a toothsome savor that we become impatient of the preliminaries of grace. With mouth "watering," we again take a sly survey. This time less pleased, perchance, to find some dish to which our tastes have not yet been directed. And, ah ! there is a dish of lobsters, but without the savory part anywhere. They have been picked before us, and who knows but that the crust of the crustace now remain. Of the three classes of intellectual edibles, the first should be styled the oratorical dessert of the President. The second class, it will be my effort to carve, masticate and digest in such a manner as to leave you little doubt that, though some of the viands may not exactly agree with our unaccustomed taste, they were all done away with wincing. With the third class, *the lobsters* of preceding gatherings, I shall have but little to do, because a second glance will convince any one that they have had ample justice done them by predecessors, Messrs. Carlin and Koehler.

I have been urged by friends to dissect "the Articulation Method," but since it has been discussed so often, and as frequently found deficient in much substantial good to the average deaf mute, you will doubtlessly excuse me from going into an extended argument on the question. However, we as representative mutes, by right of our own experience and observation of the system, are often the best judges as to what would have been the best for our own interests, and consequently for the good of present and future generations of deaf-mute children, I would, if I disregarded the matter altogether, both be neglecting my duty to my convictions, and forfeiting in a measure the ends for which this Association is to-day assembled—namely, to promote ourselves individually and socially, and thus burst the "chestnut" of the inevitable funny man, who is apt to think a deaf-mute convention is a joke. Therefore, I repeat as your mouthpiece, on this occasion, our unanimity regarding the "pure" articulation method as follows :

"Despite the opinions of inexperienced or unprofessional persons, and despite the frequent glowing and puffy newspaper articles of enthusiastic reporters to the contrary, the great defect of the "pure oral system" is that it is not adapted to the great majority of deaf-mutes as a means of instruction. Years of experience has demonstrated that only one-fourth, or possibly one-third of the deaf, including semi-mutes and the brightest intellects, are capable of it to advantage. The pupils have to be taught individually, or in very small classes, necessitating the employment of twice the number of teachers of the "Combined," or *adaptive*, "method." The period of instruction is necessarily prolonged, and the results do not seem to justify the patient and expensive means, as mutes are seldom if ever "socially restored" by this method, as it is attested by us that they are to pick up signs after graduation and to seek out as companions, graduates of the "hated sign schools," who, as a rule, are practically more "socially restored" by reason of a comparatively better education. Again as is very often, if not always, the case, conversation between an average "socially restored" deaf person and a hearing stranger is tedious, laborious, or impossible, for the simple reason that they do not well understand each other's speech. To sum up a long argument on the question, in a word, it may be stated as a self-evident fact that distinguished deaf-mutes, who were educated by the adaptive or combined system, are getting rather numerous, while those who were taught by the purely oral system are few and far between.

Therefore, in this connection, I wish to suggest to you the propriety of commending the action of Governor Pattison in vetoing a bill of the Legislature, at its last session, appropriating $40,000 towards establishing an articulation school for a few deaf mutes in this city of Scranton. The well meaning of the General Assembly, and of that of some native citizens of this city, is clear, and all ought, perhaps, to have a share of our humble praise : but although a few may devoutly wish for the consummation of such a school, the expenditure of these $40,000 of public money, with subsequent entailments, would have been wholly unnecessary, as both the State and private munificence amply provide for the education of the deaf children in two of the best institutions in the land, one located in Philadelphia, the other near Pittsburgh, the former of which I have the honor of a close connection, and an institution as you may all testify, distinguished not so much for the magnificence of its buildings as for the home like comforts enjoyed by the pupils and the excellence and *variety* of its methods of instruction, including the articulation method and the industrial branches, while at the same time matters of religious nature are in a great measure left to the direction of parents, and railroad fares are graciously reduced to a minimum, so all that is needed what was argued at the last meeting of this Association in Philadelphia, namely, a law compelling the parents of the deaf children to send them to school.

We are not here to-day so much to discuss educational matters as to regulate, to the extent of our limited powers, our happiness, and standing as citizens in our daily associations with our fellow-men. As the quality of action proclaims the man, or society, of high or low degree, I shall, with a view of bringing about a higher state of things, avail myself of the opportunity to remark on the amount of dependence shown by certain of our deaf-mute societies and associations in the pursuit of its objects. It has come to be regarded as a matter of course that at some of our public gatherings or celebrations, the speaker's platform should always be monopolized by hearing persons. This may be an excellent way of obtaining publicity to our proceedings, when we wish to blast our horn in the newspapers ; but intrinsically it does not reflect much credit on our own oratorical powers, our intelligence and independence. We need more respect, *inter nos*, for our own abilities, if we desire to gain that of those who stand always ready to judge us.

Another thing, honorary membership has become honor with a venegeance. Some of our societies, it appears, never get weary of dubbing as honorary members, every other hearing person who may be a "Prof." of the manual alphabet. In return for which we come to regard effusions of their good nature in the shape of numerous lectures and interpretations as a matter of our right. This is all a sad mistake. These honorary lights in the nature of circumstances are *supposed* to revolve in an intellectual atmosphere *somewhere* above us. Their connections with our constellations, therefore, have no advantage for them. Their light is supposed to brighten up our own satellites, and as a whole, bring us into greater prominence. It is all give and no take with them. What earthly good can they derive from this honorary membership,—this fine art process of begging their self-sacrifice? There may be heavenly bliss beyond "that bourn from which no traveller returns," but as impecuniousness in our society funds or receipts should always be a weak plea, there ought also to be some earthly bliss in substantial cash that might be well earned by those who have so kindly at request favored us with agreeable responses in various capacities. Therefore, regardless of all protest of these good-natured honorary members, we ought to run our lectures and entertainments on an entirely cash basis, if for no other reason this system will teach us that education and intelligence have a money value after all. Thus would we be driven to the necessity of depending more on our own efforts and abilities, and not without surprising results individually and socially. I am happy to say that this imposition and dependence is not general among deaf-mute societies ; but wherever it exists by all means let there be more self-reliance and square compensation. God helps them that help themselves.

But in turning over to enter another chapter, we find it often difficult to help ourselves if not impossible. Now and then it is our fate to meet, or be thrown in the company of very queer people. They do not seem to understand us, and in fact we appear less to understand them. Sometimes it is our own fault, and sometimes it is theirs; but oftener we blame them not without reason. They have no idea of the capacity of the deaf-mute as a character in the great drama of "bread-winners." But worse than this they refuse often to be convinced by experiment. Our sphere of usefulness extends, therefore, more like a dish, in a few directions, rather than pervading the spheroidal form.

Again there are other specimens of human curiosity. Their owners proceed in groups. Our want of hearing, particularly, makes the greatest difference in the world to them. They are unaware of our presence as educated fellow beings ; or, if they are, they have neither the patience, politeness, nor good sense of men of Christian principles and high secular education to recognize us as such. Their conversation and hilarity by reason of their conspiciousness on top of the wheel of natural luck are all their own, and we, poor outcast miserable deaf souls, are to left to ponder over a lot of incomprehensible things because of our disappointment in human nature.

Finally, there is a third class of peculiar people, more excusable, perhaps, whom it is often our lot to bear temporarily as associates rather than as companions. They are very imperfectly educated, or more or less dull in intellect and devoid of vivacity. They never have anything to say except now and then a monosyllable, sometime harshly pronounced. Often they are uncongenial, close relatives, whom we try in vain to teach, or induce, to talk with us. They have no energy or ambition. They can never learn the manual alphabet, say ; and writing, how dreadful ! is a [illegible] never dream of accomplishing. [illegible] great pleasure for me to suggest [illegible] overcome the evils of these [illegible] and bumpkins, but as in [illegible] class it is almost impossible [illegible] second, it is a matter of [illegible] the third, one in which we should not worry ourselves. However, as we dispense with the staff of life with [illegible] *et ceteras* to be derived by a broader acquaintance with our capacities as skilled or unskilled working men and women in the extensive field of labor ; as we can not do with the education and *refinement* of the other class as we can the stupidity and boorishness of the third, the proper resources ought somehow to suggest themselves as foreign occasion requires. But it is not my purpose to pour thunders of invective on the heads of every fourth or fifth hearing person whom chance may throw in our way. Surely we have much to be thankful for. Patience has been shown us on many sides, and we should lose sight of the fact that our best friends are generally found not so much among our class as among the hearing.

And individually we have our part to play, too, notwithstanding so many discouragements. Our successes and failures have everything to do with our status as citizens, with our happinesss and misery. A status and happiness can not be of high order without effort and good sense. To plod along a road which is virtually plebeian, by imperfect means, provokes the derision and contempt of those who surpass us in the great race to gain the rich and glittering meed at the top of the hill in the distance. When we stop to examine for a moment the vehicles which convey the ever surging crowd onward towards the goal, we observe that they are built of various substantial and beautiful materials—such as industry, patience, preseverance, honesty, economy, self-respect, disrection, etc. Individual effort is the motive power, and Language, as we pass her on the mile post, or even as we speed and read her in nature, is ever a faithful and delightful companion guiding and rendering our course shorter and less monotonous. It is not my intention to dwell on these materials of the vehicles of success, believing you all are so well acquainted with them through possession of vigorous minds, able bodies, and resolute and honest purposes so fitted to win despite deafness that comment is superfluous. But allow me to ask how many of us are perfect masters of language, not Language personified and unmercifully subdued, but language, —the grand and glittering vehicle of thought, the joy and consolation of the poor man, which brings him abreast of the rich autocrat? We claim to have been educated, by which we generally mean our capacity through language to communicate our ideas and wants as well as to understand those of others. Now language as it is written and printed, or, with us, its equivalent, manual spelling, one or the other as we employ it, is a comprehensive thing, especially to ourselves as a distinct class. It is peculiarly our own standard gauge, by which we form our first opinions of one another. Our acquisition of it necessitates much careful reading and study, since our closed ears ever forbid it to come spontaneously. Columns and volumes are not to be recklessly scanned, pens and pencils must have their practice, and conversation will then always be ready with fullness and exactness at our command. Finally, reading becomes a continual source of pleasure, in which our happiness is involved. To the uninitiated, life's journey is exceedingly wearisome. Extensive barren plains of unmeaning literature stretch out on each side of a rugged and often dangerous highway. Everybody who passes us as such, and gets along better than we do, speaks a foreign tongue, or else we are too deaf of comprehension. The journey then becomes a matter of distressing care and profanity. First we blame our feet which are sore and slow, or we quarrel with the carriage, then we curse the road ; but when at last experience teaches us wisdom, we discover all the fault had been with ourselves.

On the other hand, he who studies to understand the language, masters it well and sees things in a different light. Though the road is not less smooth nor the means of locomotion any better, imagination and inspiration divert us from the rough usage of the way, and what had been sterile wastes of literature, and barren, sordid realms of nature on either side, without a plain, without a single landscape, or village town or city, at once becomes a splendid panorama of all climes. Lofty, snow-capped, craggy mountains, as if by our own magic wand, rise out of dark sylvan feet and penetrate the sky on the left, while on the right across fields of fragrant verdure and waving grain, and beyond busy marts of commerce and civilization, the heaving, sparkling ocean, with its tiny white sails rocking on its bosom, fathoms the horizon. Overhead silver ruffled clouds glide onward through the blue heavens obedient to the forces of nature. Gradually they hover about the mountains in pillars, become thicker and thicker, and assume a darker hue. The sun is now hidden from view, but yonder a bright beam has penetrated the obstruction and fallen upon a majestic moving steamer, breathing clouds of soot, which we had not observed. Suddenly the beam that had lent enchantment to the scene is cut off. The sky becomes darker ; the sea turns grey and black, the white sails in the distance fade away. A zig-zag streak of incandescence from Mt. Parnassus on our left, in a twinkling interrupts our contemplation. We turn to look, but it has gone, and instead we feel the rolling roar of Jupiter and the forging thunder of Vulcan. A puffy breeze fans and fires our imagination. The wind whistles. A huge drop of cold water descends, and as ordained, splashes on our hand. Then in rapid succession the brewing storm begins to pour. The trees bend, sway and rustle. Another flash, and then another. How bright ! how sudden ! how —Oh, what a tremendous roar ! Every thing is obscured in a leaden shroud of rain. Can this be nature? Yes—No. Our magic wand gently taps us. We wake up from the fascination. Whence all this enchantment? In description,—in language spread out on both sides of the roadway to destiny. Thus in imagination we are transported at small expense over continents and oceans,—one scene in quick succession follows another with equal vividness. Description anihilates the real, pages measure distance and time. "From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral stands," or from "earth to heaven and from heaven to earth," we are transferred with the velocity of thought. Instead of brooding over our hard lot in some dark, narrow, and obscure corner of ignorance, all our lives, we sail about above and take a broad, comprehensive, monarchial survey of the world and the universe, of men and things. We study characters as we go, and our own is unconsciously moulded for self-benefit as well as for others to copy. We become leaders in the race for the glittering jewel in the near future, always with a fair chance of winning, often victors. And thus it is when we peruse "a volume of some old forgotten lore," Botany, Physiology, Astronomy, Psychology, Physics, or Chemistry, for instance, nature's mysterious laws and systems are unfolded in all their wonder and grandeur. We become enamoured of the sciences for their own sakes, aside from the worldly benefits to be derived. At length we are masters of them, and in the natural course of things, masters and teachers of the multitude ; but more glorious than all, we learn to become masters of ourselves. Hence in our gradual acquisition of language, as in anything else, the poet's rule always holds good :—

"A little learning is a dangerous thing ;
Drink deep or taste not the pierian spring ;
For shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking deeper sobers it again."

The President then introduced Messrs. Tyndall and Steenrod, pupils of the Philadelphia School in 1824. Each made short addresses, and were rewarded with applause. After announcing the service to be held at the Cathedral, a recess was taken until next morning.

THURSDAY MORNING.

After prayer by Rev. H. W. Syle and roll call by Secretary Koehler, Mr. B R. Allabough read a very interesting paper on "Industrial Education."

[For want of space, we defer the publication of Mr. Allabough's excellent paper until next week.—ED. JOURNAL.]

The date of holding the next convention was a point of great contention. Messrs. Zeigler, Allabough, and Elwell wanted it postponed to 1889. Messrs. Breen, Koehler and Woodside, suggested July, 1888.

A vote being taken, 1888 was decided upon,

Mr. Woodside moved to reconsider the decision. This was done. Voting was again begun, each member answering to his or her name and giving their perference. The result was 31 to 30 in favor of July, 1888.

The officers and State managers were elected by acclamation.

OFFICERS.

President.—J. M. Koehler.
1st. Vice-Pres.—Thomas Breen.
2d. " " —W. W. Swartz.
Secretary.—S. G. Davidson.
Treasurer.—B. R. Allabough.

STATE MANAGERS.—W. R. Cullingworth, A. Woodside, Robert Arnold, and Geo. Slifer.

Rev. Father Lebreton was unanimously elected a Trustee of the Benevolent Fund, in place of Thomas MacIntire, deceased.

Resolutions commending church work among deaf-mutes, and providing for the printing of the proceedings were adopted.

The convention also passed resolutions thanking the railroad companies for reduced rates, the County Commissioners and Judges for the use of the Court room, the hotels for special rates, and the citizens for hospitalities.

The debate on the motion to drop the word "mute" from the title was not resumed on account of the nearness of the hour for adjournment ; but Rev. Mr. Syle withdrew his motion, so the title will be as heretofore, "The Pennsylvania Association of Deaf Mutes."

The numerous small details were then rushed through, as the members began to leave for dinner. When the hour for final adjournment was reached there were not more than twenty in the room.

The convention was not so largely attended as the one held in Philadelphia two years ago. The number of members was less than eighty. But the proceedings were of a high character and the sessions were conducted in an orderly manner.

DOWN IN A COAL MINE.

At three in the afternoon, a party of fifty, composed of ladies and gentlemen, piloted by Mr. Koehler, made a visit to the Oxford Coal Mines. They were treated with great kindness and courtesy by the foremen, Messrs. W. S. Langstaff, outside foreman, and James A. Evans, inside foreman.

The shaft is nearly four hundred feet deep, and the deaf-mutes descended in parties of ten.

To one who goes down into the bowels of the earth for the first time, the sensation is awe inspiring. Imagine yourself suddenly plunged from the bright afternoon sunlight into the black darkness of an underground tunnel, lit only by the miners' lamps, which can be seen moving hither and thither in the distance, but which throw no gleams of light beyond a few feet from the miners who carry them. At first no object save these little lights can be distinguished. Even the miners, to whose caps they are fastened, are shrouded in gloom. In a short time, however, the eyes become accustomed to the darkness, and looking upward and around you find yourself in a tunnel about twelve feet wide and varying from five to eight feet in height. The roof is a solid mass of coal and as smooth as the stones on a street pavement. The sides are also of the same dark and precious mineral, but are irregular in outline. Here and there along the passages, are small gas pipes through which flows a natural gas, which is lighted and burns with a dim flame. Guided by Foreman Langstaff and some of the miners keeping at the side, the procession of deaf-mutes, in couples, wended its way along the intricate passages. Arriving at a certain spot, they were shown what the deadly fire-damp means. Several of the miners touched their lamps to the side of the passage, and at once the walls were a sheet of flame. This fire-damp flows continuously through the crevices of the coal, and if the fresh air that is being constantly pumped in were shut off for a few minutes, there would be a terrible explosion. But, night and day, huge engines force in the pure air from outside, and draw out the impure from within. A safety lamp was exhibited that could be carried with impunity regardless of the quantity of fire-damp in the mine. But on and on the deaf-mutes proceeded, now turning around sharp corners, now stooping to avoid bumping their heads against the roof of the tunnel, now walking in single file to pass the loaded coal cars that run on a tramway, till at last the stables are reached. There is plenty of good hay and oats and water, but the mule that works in a coal mine must yearn in vain for green fields and heaven's sunlight. There are over fifty big mules employed, and they live down in these black depths for years without getting the faintest glimpse of daylight. The men and boys employed have a hard enough time of it, but they get out in time to see the sun go down on each day, and have the seventh day to rest. What a blessing is the Sabbath, to the rich and poor alike. It brings them rest and comfort here on earth, and if properly observed, repeats to them the story of a blessed and eternal existence in the world to come. There are almost five hundred men and boys employed, and to say that they look grimy after a day's work, would be using the most feeble expression that the English vocabulary affords. From the boy of twelve who drives the mules, to the muscular miner who tears off the huge blocks of coal, all are as black as the Egyptian darkness from which they have emerged.

The deaf-mutes who explored the mine, were not as white when they came out as when they entered. All of them were covered with coal dust, but they were a happy and merry party, and collectively and individually thanked Supt. W. H. Storrs for the rare privilege they had enjoyed.

SOCIAL PARTY.

In the evening at eight, the deaf-mutes held a social party in the parlors of the Valley House.

About one hundred were present. At ten all sat down to a sumptuous collation.

Returning to the parlors, they gave Rev. Mr. Koehler a surprise, by presenting him with a purse containing quite a snug sum of money. This recognition of Mr. Koehler's labors in behalf of the deaf-mutes of Central and Western Pennsylvania was a well-deserved compliment.

Mr. Elwell made the address of presentation, and Mrs. M. Heyman, of New York, presented the testimonial.

Mr. Koehler was visibly affected when he rose to reply. He said their kindness would remain in his memory for all time. He did not think of the value of the gift, but of the motive that prompted it. It would serve to cement more strongly the bonds of friendship that had always existed between them.

NOTES.

Religious services were held at St. Luke's Church on Wednesday morning, by Revs. Clerc, Syle and Koehler, and the Rector of the church. There were about 150 in attendance. Over fifty partook of the Holy Communion.

Jaob Capron, was the oldest deaf-mute present. He went to school at Philadelphia in 1824, when the Institution was located where the Bingham House now stands. He walked from Scranton to Philadelphia at the beginning of each term, the journey occupying ten days. Mr. George Steenrod, of Wheeling, West Va., and Mr. Joseph Tyndall, of Philadelphia, were his classmates.

Rev. Father Lebreton's services at the Cathedral were very interesting and impressive, and were largely attended.

Missouri.

A larger crowd of deaf-mutes than usual was present in the Inter-State Exposition last Thursday. Interesting stories, more or less, were given by some of them. Among the most charming ladies were Misses B. E. Littleton and Bradford, of Cameron, Miss Woods, of Kidder, the formers are stopping with Miss Emma Wildberger for one or two weeks. Twenty-five other mutes were on the Fair Grounds.

The mutes of St. Joseph and vicinity, organized a Christian Society on the fourth of July, in the Lecture Room of Francis St. Church. Their Society begins with eight male and three female members, and is to be under the pastoral management of Rev. J. H. McFarland, a minister of the M. E. Church. Mr. A. A. Walker is president of the "Mission," and Mr. N. M. Stafford has been authorized to solicit contributions for the purpose of building a House of Worship for their use.

It is no exaggeration to say that St. Joseph is as good a point for establishments of all kinds of manufactures as any other west of Mississippi. Ten years ago, it was comparatively insignificant, now there are 300 manufacturing establishments of various kinds in the city. The Capital invested is near $6,000,000, the hands employedis over 10,000.

Miss Bertie Littleton, our most charming lady, of Cameron, is in St. Joseph, in the interest of her health, and expects to be back home in one or two weeks.

Geo. Prigge, lately of California, was in St. Joseph, on en route to Mass. He was almost shocked to learn through the JOURNAL about the sudden death of J. Q Holt. Mrs. J. H. Holt, please accept his sincere sympathy.

N. M. Stafford was on the Fair Grounds, and conversed for awhile with the mute ladies. He was educated at the Philadelphia School. He requests all old boys of his to write to his address, Easton, Mo.

Rev. J. H. McFarland will hold services for St. Joseph mutes at Francis St. Church, on the 12th of September.

Joseph Stein threw one hundred rings on canes, and won six fine canes and one butcher knife on the Fair Grounds. He works on oil and tar painting, and gets seven dollars per week.

Mr. J. Strout brought his stock to the Fair, and received a premium for the fattest hog. Three cheers for him.

PATRICK RILEY.

ST. JOSEPH, 9–2–'86.

DELAWARE.

Joe W. McCullough will soon visit Westchester, Pa.

Messrs. William Downing, Winfield Rodenburgh and Joe W. McCullough were in Chester, Pa., last month.

Mrs. Ann E. McCullough, of Wilmington, Del., has a cousin that is deaf and dumb.

Among the places which Mr. Joe W. McCullough, of Wilmington, Del., visited this summer were Clayton, Del., Lindwood, Pa., Chester, Pa., Philadelphia, Pa., Media, Pa., Green Village, Pa., Concord, Pa., West Chester, Pa., Landerbury, Pa., Cape May, N. J., Atlantic City, N. J., Baltimore, Md., and Pittsburgh, Pa.

NOTICE.

Rev. Father Freeman will hold religious services for Catholic Deaf-Mutes at the St. Francis Xavier's College, in 15th Street, on Sunday, September 12th.

FANWOOD.

Re-opening of Another School Term.

WHAT IT MEANS.

September Musings.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

School opened Wednesday, September 8th, and all the teachers and officers are back and ready for another term of labor. The tanned and robust looks of the pupils bespeak for them a vacation of unalloyed pleasure. We do not know the number of new pupils that are to be enrolled, but there are indications of a good many.

We have often been asked by Fanwood graduates what the advertisement in the JOURNAL means by requesting them to send their names and addresses to the New York Institution. We will take the liberty to explain here that the directors desire to obtain information of the lives and occupations of the graduates and former pupils since they have left the Institution, and in order to reach them, it is necessary to know their addresses. Then a form of questions will be mailed to them which they are expected to answer for the purpose of ascertaining what benefit the Institution has given its pupils, and if there is anything lacking to see if it can be remedied so, that the future lives of its pupils may be made happy and comfortable by remunerative employment through the teaching of useful occupations.

A small coal car has been placed on the track recently laid down, and works like a charm. Engineer Banks more respectfully calls it a palace car.

John Cahill, deaf-mute fireman of the boiler house here fifteen years ago, visited the School for the first time in fourteen years. He was just discharged from the Homeopathic Hospital, on Randall's Island, after a sickness of two months, and said it was hard to get work. The boys here are kind-hearted fellows and each contributed some of their clothing to him, sending him away looking quite respectable. It has since been learned that he is a professional loafer, and too lazy to work. Such mutes are undeserving of aid, and the only sympathy should be to send them to the Work House. But we hope such report is not true.

There has been much talk here of the Hudson River sea serpent. It was seen at the Battery last Sunday, and supposed to be on it its way to Coney Island to spend the Sabbath. We shall look for its return with anxious eyes, and hope to eclipse "Tigg's" thrilling on-the-ocean-wave letter.

W. J. Reilly brought up a handsome crayon portrait of Walter L. Bingham, of North Carolina, last Wednesday. It was executed by Dennis Sullivan, class '84, and reflects credit on his artistic ability. He is destined to be an artist of no mean repute in the near future. The portrait is, by this time, on its way to the happy owner, who has followed the occupation of J. C. Miller in the land of Oranges, who, not long ago, received a large crayon picture of himself by the same artist, and who was so pleased with it that a box of choice Florida oranges were expressed to him in recognition of his extra satisfaction.

Alexander Dezendorf, of Brooklyn, got so dizzy that he could not attend to his work in the dairy business, last Friday, and thought by coming up to Fanwood, the air would do him good.

That mammoth Hudson River steamer, the "Daniel Drew," has gone to join the elements, and is missed.

Not only cats and dogs have become a nuisance to the Institution, but cows have made the green fields a place to kick up their heels in and to block up the lane. Last week, a certain lady of the Institution whose modesty restrains us from giving her name, was on her way to Carmansville, when one of these cud chewers seemed to have a decided fascination for her charms by following her like Mary's lamb. The lady did not return the cow's affection, however, and ran for dear life. The notice recently posted in conspicuous places, reading, "Private road. No trespassing," will have the effect of doing some good.

That vagabond from Canada, of whom we gave mention in our last letter, was lurking around the premises for a week, until Supervisor Howell considered it an act of charity to give him police protection. Michael Dreelan consequently had the honor of being escorted to the station house by an officer of the law. What has since been done with him we know not.

The portly frame of Brewer Chas. Haar, with face all aglow with smiles of contentment, annihilated time at Fanwood last Monday.

It is announced that Barber Morris McMickle, a former pupil here, is engaged to be married to Miss Grace Bailey, a hearing young lady, of Deckertown, N. J., next week. He is no longer a knight of the razor, but has joined the army of bricklayers in Middletown, N. Y.

John S. Hunter, the supposed impostor mentioned of in the JOURNAL a year ago, was seen on Washington Heights last Tuesday.

Mrs. Mary E. Totten, matron here fifteen years ago, and Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts, of Philadelphia, visited the Institution on the 2d inst. Mrs. Totten told us that while she was on her way to New York from her home in Jacksonville, Ill., last April, the baggage car caught fire, burning the contents therein, among which was her baggage valued at $450. The company nearly made good the loss by forwarding to her the sum of $300.

In consequence of the place being closed where the "quads" and "lucre" falls on W. H. Fosmire thick, on account of the parade of Trades Unions last Monday, he made a trip in this direction.

Mr. George Walker, of Kingston, N. Y., was at Grant's tomb on the 7th inst., with the G. A. R. Post of Kingston, of which he is a member, and in the meantime dropped in to see the boys.

Lewis Lyons, the Waco, Texas, dude, spent a day on the Institution farm at Tarrytown, and he told us so, too.

AQUILA.

THE BOY OF TO-DAY.

Prof. Douglas Tilden quotes one of the teachers at the convention as saying that the boy of to-day is actuated by ambition, pride and envy in a eagerness for prominence. The same teacher might have added that the boy of to-day is generous, if impulsive, and grateful to those whom he sincerely recognizes as friends and benefactors. No amount of fault-finding can shake his convictions in favor of such persons, and for shams or impositions in the profession he justly entertains contempt. In my opinion such feelings of pride and ambition ought to be encouraged instead of blamed, as they are prompted by independence of spirit and a desire to excel, new things in the deaf, from which greater benefits may be expected. It proves that the education of the the deaf is not a failure after all. To look the world boldly in the face and strive with the rest for prominence is a happy sign of an awakening from the dull, inglorious lethargy of ages. The next generation will witness the activity of deaf-mutes in all walks of industry, the arts and sciences. Who would be so mean as to begrudge them such a prominence, even if they push a few hearing brethren out of places upon which the latter seem to hold a perpetual lien or mortgage? Certainly none who are true friends of the deaf. There is just now a large proportion of well educated deaf-mutes who, in point of influence, are the peers of the hearing people, and theirs is the God-given right of inheritance.

SUPERINTENDENT.

NORTHERN INDIANA.

H. W. Whitmore returned home from Indianapolis, last Monday, after attending a reunion of the mutes of Indiana.—*La Porte (Ind.) Argus.*

Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Cross, of Waterford, La Porte Co., Ind., came to La Porte last night from Morgantown, Ind., and staid all night at Mr. H. W. Whitmore's home. Next day Mr. Jesse Cross drove from Waterford to La Porte to take them to their home.

Mr. J. Loving, of Union Mills, Ind., told his friend that he had a very nice time in visiting the reunion at Indianapolis, last week.

At the meeting of the mutes, last week, at Indianapolis, an organization was formed to contain all the deaf and dumb of Indiana. La Porte county was well represented at the meeting, and came in for her share of the officers. Ben Nordyke, of Kingsburg, was elected first Vice-President, and Jasper Cross, of Waterford, Ind., Treasurer. They returned Saturday, and report a good time.—*La Porte (Ind.) Argus.*

Elias P. Cripe, Esq., of Goshen, Ind., visited La Porte for a few days last week, and had a splendid visit with his mute friends.

All mutes of La Porte county, who attended a reunion of the mutes at Indianapolis have returned.

Sept. 3, 1886. PRINTER.

Kansas.

Now as to schemes for raising money for the Gallaudet Monument? Hardly any of us out West ever expect to see the Monument after erected, except a photo of it. Would it not be a good plan if small busts, say a foot in height, were cast, and the same would, I think, as it would be an ornament as well as a remembrance. It would be a great deal more efficacious than balls or picnics, as it is something that can be kept forever.

Your humble scribe had hoped to enter the Kendall College for the polish necessary to shine, but will have to forego it, as he hopes success is waiting in his present habitation, and only needs pushing.

The school, at Olathe, will open September 8th, and will have the full corps of former instructors. Its new wing, just completed, will give it excellent school rooms, and the effects of the California Convention enthusiasm and energy. Nothwithstanding the many adverse articles, a greater number of pupils than ever will be in attendance the ensuing term.

It is hoped the *Star* will twinkle with the same trimmer and polisher under whom it was has shone so brilliantly.

INDEPENDENT.

Richmond, Va.

Mr. H. S. Anderson of Baltimore, is at West Point, Va., his former home, spending the summer. He has been there three weeks.

Mr. James H. Chiles took one of the most pleasantest trips down the James River in the same steamer, "Ariel," a few Sundays ago.

Marcellus Laube was awarded a medal at the Pen Art Hall Writing School last Thursday.

Mr. Baker, of Petersburg, Va., went to Lynchsburg and Lexington, Va., on a visit to his friends recently.

A deaf-mute boy whose name the writer do not know, was in the city for two days a few days ago.

August 29, 1886. J. H. H.

An Inquisition Set Aside.

CHANCELLOR RUNYON DIFFERS WITH NINETEEN JURORS—A CASE OF MORE THAN PASSING INTEREST.

(From the Trenton, N. J., Gazette.)

Chancellor Runyon filed his opinion, yesterday, in the matter of the alleged lunacy of Mary S. Perrine, of Middlesex county. The matter was before the Court on a motion to set aside the inquisition. Counselor A. S. Appleget appeared for the motion.

"The inquisition in this case," says the Court, "is signed by nineteen of the twenty-four jurors. They find the alleged lunatic is of sound mind and capable of controlling her property by her own selection of a proper person to act for her. The other five certify that she is not of sufficient understanding to enable her to manage her property. She is about 65 years of age, and has never been married. The commissioners have made a report concerning her condition. They say that she is not an idiot or lunatic in the popular sense of the words; that she has been a deaf-mute ever since she was two or three years old; that she is ignorant, having never been taught any language, whether spoken or of signs; that she can neither read nor write, and cannot express to others her understanding, if any she have, of any business transactions; that she cannot be made to comprehend a business transaction, except, perhaps, a very ordinary one, involving no more money than a dollar or two; that she had learned to fetch and carry, and to do common every-day work—that is, she can sweep, wash, cook an ordinary meal, &c.; that it is possible, by rude gestures, to communicate to her a desire that she should do such work; that she has never informed her of the amount, character or income of her property, and that it is doubtful whether she can be so informed; that she has always been cared for by her near relatives, with whom she has lived—by her mother for about fifty years and until her mother's death, and after her mother's death by her unmarried sister, with whom she now lives. Application is made to set aside the inquisition, on the ground that the finding is contrary to the evidence. Lord Hale says that a man deaf and dumb from his birth is, in presumption of law, an idiot; and the rather because he has no possibility to understand what is forbidden by law to be done, or under what penalities. He also says that if it can appear that the man has the use of understanding, which he adds, many of that condition discover by signs to a very great measure, then he may be tried and suffer judgment and execution, though great caution is to be used therein.

A person born deaf and dumb, but not blind, is not an idiot. But in order to warrant this Court in interfering in behalf of a person to protect him against the consequences of his own mental incompetency, it is not necessary that he should be an idiot or a lunatic; it is enough if, from any cause, whether by age, disease, affliction or intemperance, he has become incapable of managing his own affairs.

Lord Eldon says that upon a commission in the nature of a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*, it is not necessary to establish lunacy, but it is sufficient that the party is incapable of managing his own affairs. It was so held by Chancellor Kent, in a case where the person who was the subject of the inquiry had become incapaciated by old age. Whether persons born deaf and dumb are to be treated judicially as persons incompetent to manage their affairs, must depend upon the evidence they are able to give of the possession of capacity. In another case a person who was born deaf and dumb, and who had attained to her majority, applied for possession of her real estate, and for an assignment to her of her personal property. Lord Chancellor Hardincke, having put questions to her in writing, thereupon granted the application. In Brower V. Fisher, a commission was issued to inquire as to the mental competency of such a person. In the case in hand, the jury found that Miss Perrine was of sound mind, and capable of controlling her property by her own selection of a proper person to act for her. But if the proof was as the commissioners certify, that she is incapable of understanding the business or even receiving any communication upon the subject, and therefore does not understand, and cannot be made to understand, what the necessities of the management of her estate demand, or what an agent is, or what his duties are; or, in other words, if the proof was as they certify, that she does not understand, and cannot be made to understand, any matter of business, except it may be such as are of the most simple character—if she has no comprehension of business matters—it is obvious that she is not capable of managing her affairs, and the inquisition cannot be sustained. The jury does not find that she is herself competent to manage her business, but that she is capable of controlling it by an agent of her own selection. But if she cannot be made to understand what the business is, how can she select an agent to manage it? The inquisition will be set aside."

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Address:
Frederick City, Md.

NOTICE.

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I. L. PEET, *Principal.*
C. N. BRAINERD, *Supt.*

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DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send its card. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Tuttle Hall, 198 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Juhring, Pres't; Henry Hoevel, First Vice-President; Chas E. Green, Second Vice President; G.L. Reynolds, Secretary; T. J. Godfrey, Treasurer; Robert M. Patterson, Sergeant-at-Arms. Secretary's address is in care of H. L. Juhring, 568 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Theo. Grady; Vice-President, Frank B. Shattuck; Corresponding Secretary, Martin Aronsohn, Recording Secretary, Leo C. Williams; Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy. Divine services first and third Sundays, alternate at 11 A.M. Educational classes, Tuesday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to Deaf-Mute Branch, Young Men's Christian Association, No. 232 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. Strangers and mute friends are cordially welcome.

CAMBRIDGE SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The objects of the Cambridge Society of Deaf-Mutes are to promote the spiritual, moral, educational and intellectual welfare of the deaf-mutes in Cambridge and vicinity. The officers are President, A. W. Orcutt; Secretary, E. W. Frisbee, and Treasurer, A. C. Hargrave. Sunday services and prayer meeting from 12:30 to 2 P.M., at the Central Square First Baptist Church, until further notice.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 30 West 16th Street. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Wednesday. Lectures every third Wednesday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. J. Francis O'Brien, President. All communications should be addressed to John Lloyd, Jr., Corresponding Secretary, 320 Broom Street, New York City.

CINCINNATI SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at 110, 192 W. Fifth Street, first and third Saturday in each month, at 8:00 P.M. Fred Reiker, President; Alfred Bierlein, Secretary. His address is 36 Celestial St., Cincinnati, O.

CLERC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Clerc Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the lecture room of the Church of the Covenant, Filbert Street above 17th Street. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Mr. Geo. Slifer is President, and Thomas Breen is the Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1904 East Montgomery Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

DE L'EPEE CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTES' ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.

Meetings, the first and third Sundays of the month, in the building of La Salle College, 710 Pine Street. The object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Thomas Breen is President, and Mr. Edward J. Carr, Secretary. Applications should be made to the Secretary, 2710 E. Somerset or Rev. E. V. Lebreton, 710 Pine Street.

GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Thomas Brown, President; Almos Smith, Treasurer, and Willie E. White, Secretary.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pas-a-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago mutes effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral amusement to its members and friends. Its motto is, Pas-a-Pas—"step by step." Regular meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month at eight o'clock in the evening, in Ladies' Parlor, third floor, Young Men's Christian Association Building, 148 E. Madison Street. Visitors from out of town are ever welcome. The club is officered as follows: President, Matthew Mullen; Vice President, Edward Kingon; Secretary, Matt Mullen; Treasurer, Jas. K. Watson. Address President or Secretary Pas-a-Pas Club, care Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.

ST. JOSEPH'S UNION, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Meets every Tuesday evening at 21 Sidney Place, corner Livingstone St., Brooklyn. Object: mutual aid. All communications to be addressed to William Ennis, 19 Fifth Street, So. Brooklyn

ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meeting at the St. Louis Young Men's Christian Association, on 11th and Locust Sts. Regular business meeting on the second Saturday in each month, for business only. The purposes of the club are principally of a social nature, but the Literary advancements of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be addressed by the President from time to time, and all are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, Wm. Stafford; Vice-President, A. H. Kohlmetz; Secretary, D. A. Simpson; Treasurer, A. N. Merrell; Sergeant-at-Arms, Henry McCamley. Address President or Secretary, 1427 Carr St., St. Louis, Mo.

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of deaf-mutes in those places where their numbers make it advisable; to encourage the formation of Union Societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities; to interest all friends of humanity and Christianity in their behalf; to assist in giving extra services to such local Union Societies, which are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves; to offer an additional or extended help to any independent local society, with their co-operation; to strengthen the ties of Christian and ministerial brotherhood; and to discuss subjects pertaining to sacred ministry. The officers are E. W. Frisbee, President; Wm. Bailey, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave and H. P Chapman, Executive Committee.

THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEW YORK CITY.

The Manhattan Literary Association meets every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the basement of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, West 18th St., near 5th Avenue. Its regular business meetings are held every first Thursday of each month, debates every second, and lectures every third. It object is to improve the moral, intellectual, and social welfare of its members. All communications relating to the Association should be sent to the Secretary, Chas. J. Le Clercq, No. 336 West 41st Street, New York City.

(DIRECTORY—CONTINUED).

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now officered by Oscar Kinsman, President; Philo W. Packard, Treasurer; John F. Donnelly, Secretary. State Managers: H. P. Hunt for Maine; W. H. Weeks, New Hampshire W. Deering, Connecticut; F. C. Davis, Massachusetts; A. B. Meacham, Vermont, and Levi A. Lester, Rhode Island. It is to meet in 1886. Address the Secretary, Woonsocket, R. I.

THE NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTES LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEWARK.

Meets every two week, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Rector Street Chapel, in Rector Street near Park Street. The officers of the Association are: President, Matthew M. Hambay; Vice-President, Alfred H. Bousfield; 2d Vice President, William Ersinger; Treasurer, Peter Kinney; Secretary, Thos. R. Stewart; Sergeant-at-Arms, John P. Cotter. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Thomas R. Stewart, 30 Searing Avenue, East Newark, N. J.

THE SALEM SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes is an unsectarian society, organized in Sept. 23, 1874, and occupies a whole building of four rooms, No. 2 rear of Mansfield Block. Divine services, every Sunday, and prayer meeting, every Friday evenings. The members are at liberty to use it at any time (day or evening) in the week for reading, etc. The officers of the Society for 1886 are: William Bailey, President; P. S. Bowden, Secretary; L. L. Chapman, Treasurer, and Hardy P. Chapman and P. W. Packard, Executive Committee. W. K. Bigelow, I. P. Harris, Geo. Fease, Trustees.

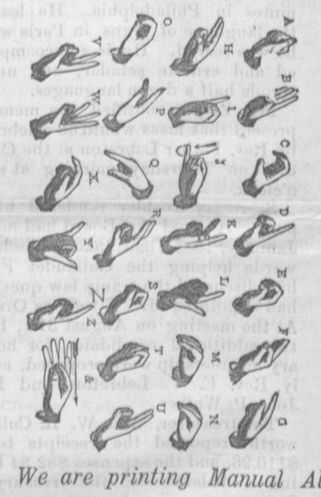
THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The society holds its meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Guild room of St. Paul's Church, cor. 3d and State Streets. Its regular meeting for ladies and gentlemen is every two Saturday evenings. The object is for the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates and story telling. The officers of the society are William T. Collins, President; Chas A. Smith, Vice-President; M. F. Cheevers, Secretary; James C. Ritter, Treasurer, and H. Brown, Sergeant-at-Arms. It also has a Bible Class at the Guild Room every Sunday at 3 o'clock P.M., under the leadership of its Chairman. All the deaf-mutes and strangers in town and its vicinity are invited to drop in at the Bible Class and regular meetings. The Secretary's address is care of Worsted Roy & Co., West Troy, N. Y.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DEAF-MUTE PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH.

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sixth Avenue near Wood street. The deaf-mutes also hold Sabbath meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on 8th street near Duquenna Way St., every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited. All communications relating to the Young Men's Christian Association should be sent to the Committee, H. H. B. McMaster, No. 58 Pride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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